

Joe

# Things from



# SECOND EDITION

# Thomas Cook & Son.

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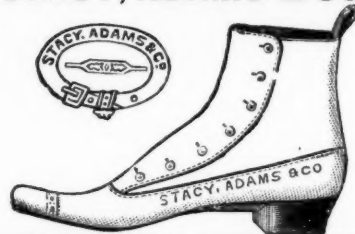
PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.—"And now there is one more important point: be sure that you take with you, one and all, a liberal supply of Lorillard's famous CLIMAX PLUG TOBACCO; there is no brand that can be compared with it, believe me. Chew it and you will be happy."

They Stand at the Head!

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**COMFORT, STYLE & DURABILITY!**  
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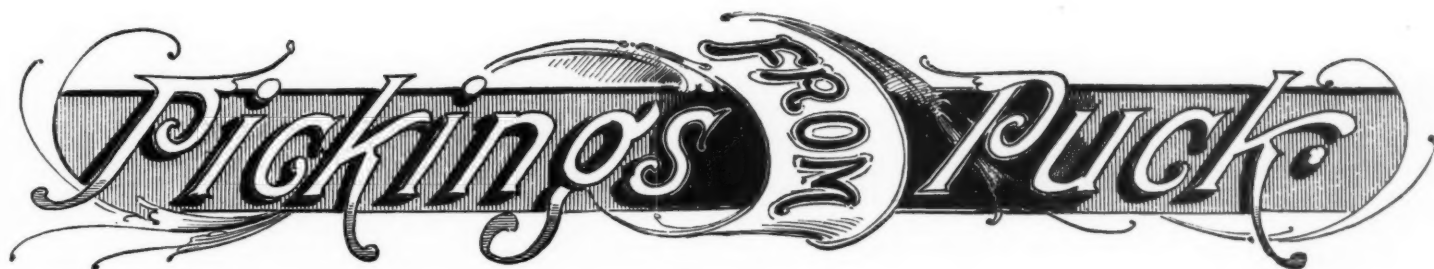
Sole Manufacturers, NEW YORK.

*A pair of CHALLENGE DRAWERS will outwear  
Two of any other make.*

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**



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BEING A

## CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

### Preëminently Perfect Pieces, Poems and Pictures

FROM

# Puck

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Gil Forde; J. L. Ford; A. R. G.; W. J. Henderson; S. H. H.; N. Kay; A. S. Kimball; M. M. K.;  
William J. Lampton; Basil Lewes; Arthur Lot; Thomas Mackay;  
Bender Malone; "Manat"; "Mat"; Hon. Ephraim Muggins; A. Murphy; A. H. Oakes; Pat O'Hara; Paul Pastnor; Arthur Penn;  
Eli Perkins; Manley S. Pike; James Whitcomb Riley; Harold Van Santvoord; Frank Dempster Sherman; S. Sirrows;  
Walter L. Sawyer; Jno. Smashpipe, jr.; Henry Wellington Vrooman; L. H. Tupper; Edward Wick; J. H. Williams;  
R. K. MUNKITTRICK; H. C. BUNNER, AND OTHERS.*

#### THE PICTURES BY

*J. KEPPLER; F. OPPER; B. GILLAM; E. ZIMMERMAN;  
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NEW YORK:

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.



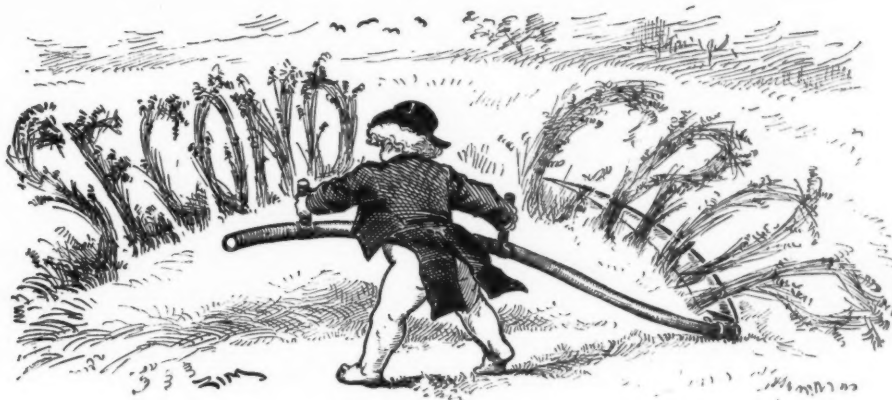
READER:

*I am on deck once more with a brand-new volume of my PICKINGS FROM PUCK, which consists of rare gems of wit, airy flights of fancy, and beauteous busts of song. Understand distinctly that this is not another edition of the 'Eighty-three PICKINGS. I wore the plates of that volume out in trying to supply the demand. I am now trying to supply that demand with an entirely new and heretofore-unseen-on-the-market volume. It not only makes you laugh, but enables you to put out the light without getting out of bed, prevents the lining of your pocket from getting into your night-key, lets you know what your doctor's bill is going to be before you are taken sick, and tells you how to borrow money without security. Besides, as I said before, this is a brand-new laugh-maker.*

*Yours Hilariously,*

PUCK.





# Pickings from Puck

## PUCKERINGS.

A SIDE-ISSUE—Eve.

A COLD SPELL—I-c-e.

A TAKE-OFF—The Rope.

POVERTY OF INVENTION—  
Being Unable to Take Out  
a Patent.

A COMANCHE BRAVE re-  
cently broke off his engage-  
ment with his girl because  
she passed her plate for soup  
a second time.

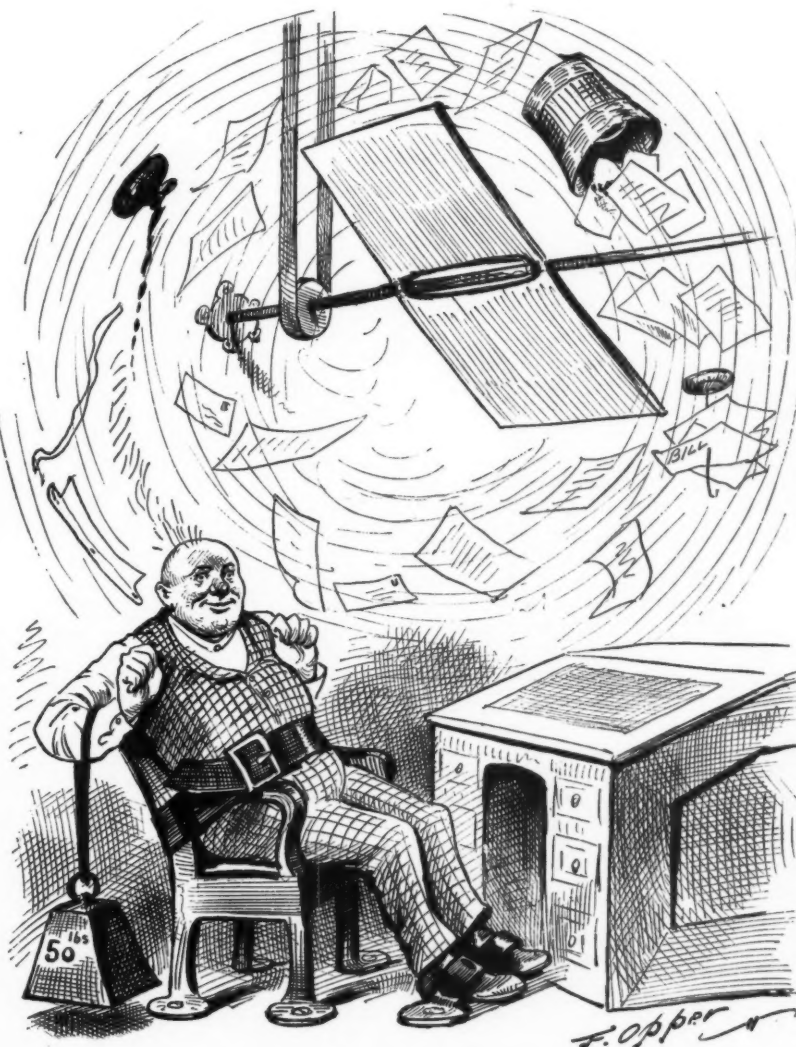
NO MATTER how chicken-  
hearted a young lady may be,  
she will always undergo the  
pain of having her ears  
pierced for a pair of solitaires.

AFTER A WHILE ladies' kid-  
gloves will extend so far up  
the arm that it will be neces-  
sary for the fair creatures to  
keep them up with sus-  
penders.

A MAN RECENTLY crossed  
the ferry on a milk-ticket,  
and says that what is good  
for the kind of milk sold in  
the city ought to be good for  
the water, too.

THE REASON very few peo-  
ple ever think of the danger  
of fires in country hotels is  
simply because the rooms  
are so cold that they never  
dream there is fire enough in  
the establishment to get the  
thing going. They don't  
seem to have fire enough to  
keep the breakfast hot twenty  
minutes after the bell rings.

## THOSE PATENT REVOLVING FANS.



THEY ARE ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR OFFICE USE.

## FREE LUNCH.

RAILROAD FARE—Peanuts.

THE ORDER OF THE BATH  
—Gimme a Towel!

LEGAL MEASURES—The  
Kind that Fruit-Venders  
Don't Use.

WE THINK it was a Boston  
girl who remarked that the  
remains were "beautifully  
upholstered."

A MESSENGER-BOY was act-  
ually seen running full split  
down Sixth Avenue the other  
day. This may sound like a  
wild, boundless hallucina-  
tion; but, nevertheless, it's  
an iron-clad fact. The engine  
and he were neck and neck  
when they reached the fire.

WHEN A LONG BRANCH  
restaurateur displays a turtle  
about the size of a family  
Bible in front of his place,  
and announces that it will  
be served on the following  
day, you may rest assured  
that he has a mortgage to  
pay off during the following  
week, and is going to raise  
it with that turtle.

IF THERE is anything in  
this wide world that makes  
a man thoroughly sick, it is  
to run half-a-block with might  
and main to catch a horse-  
car which he hears but can-  
not see, and to arrive at the  
corner out of breath and in  
a lather of perspiration—  
only to discover that the car  
is going the wrong way.

## AN IDYL OF THE CHOIR.

She sat on the steps of the organ-loft,  
Just after the second hymn;  
And through nave and choir to the cool gray spire  
The sound rose faint and dim,  
As they settled themselves in the church below  
For the sermon that followed next,  
And I seated myself at the alto's side  
As the parson took his text.

I marked the tender flush of her cheek  
And the gleam of her golden hair,  
The snowy kerchief round her neck,  
And her throat all white and bare;  
A throat so white that indeed it might  
An anchorite entice;  
And I faintly heard the parson's word  
As he preached of Paradise.

My arm stole gently round her waist  
Until our fingers met;  
And a fitting blush made a tender flush  
Of her cheek grow deeper yet.  
Snowy and fair the hand beneath,  
And brown the palm above,  
And the brown closed softly over the white  
As the parson spoke of love.

Ah, who is wise, when deep-blue eyes  
Meet his and look coyly down?  
Who would but drink, not care to think  
Of envy's jealous frown?  
'Twas but to bend till I felt her breath  
Grow warm on my cheek, and then  
My lips just softly touched her own  
As the parson said Amen.

WALTER LEARNED.

## RULES

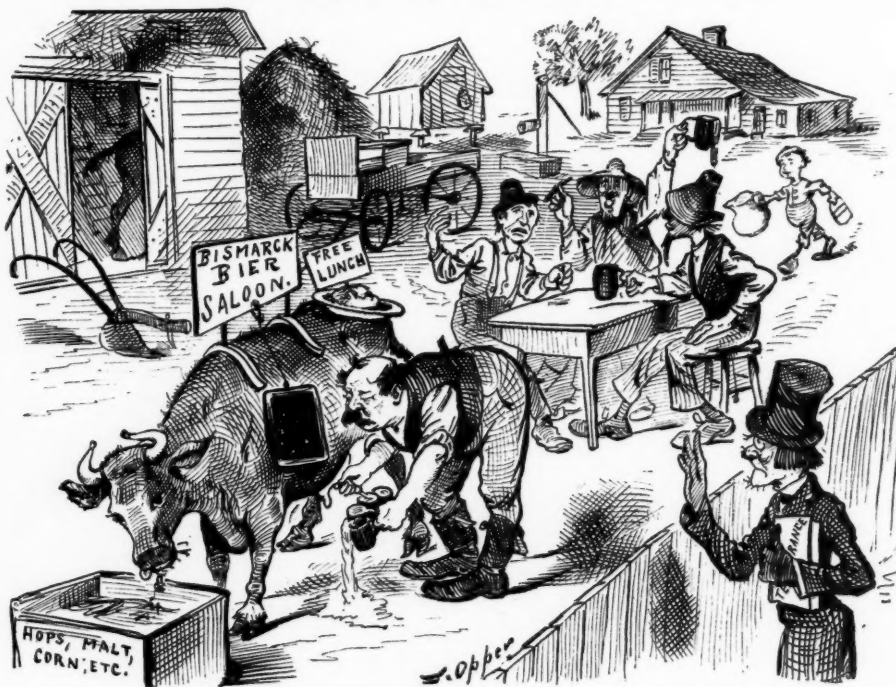
FOR THE GUIDANCE OF CASUAL VISITORS TO  
THE PUCK OFFICE.

[These Rules may be Found Useful, with Slight Alterations, in any Editorial Office.]

I.—Take up the shears and drop some remark about their being an "important article." This phrase sounds well, and will help you to think you have said something neat. Then you can look smug and complacent, which will make you nice and solid with the Editor.

II.—Read the proofs lying on the Editor's desk.

A scientific German farmer has succeeded in producing a fine quality of beer from a cow, by feeding her hops, malt and corn.—Exchange.



PUCK'S IDEA OF WHAT THAT SCIENTIFIC GERMAN FARMER WILL PROBABLY DO.

III.—Ask what is going to be in the paper next week.

IV.—Inquire after the Goat and the Assyrian Pup.

V.—Make a joke—the oldest joke you know—one of the fine old stock-pieces of American humor. Since you are in the office of a funny paper, you naturally want to show that you can be funny, too. Besides, how it must please the good Editors to be reminded of the days of their childhood!

VI.—Sit on somebody's desk and let your legs hang over.

VII.—Point out that there is one left-handed figure in last week's centre-page cartoon. This will show how superior you are intellectually to the entire staff, Editorial and Artistic.

VIII.—Ask how the pictures are colored.

IX.—Select some man to talk to who has three columns to get off before four o'clock.

X.—Ask who writes "Answers for the Anxious."

XI.—Ask if they are answers to genuine questions.

XII.—Tell the Editor how you think he ought to run the paper.

XIII.—Tell him what you didn't like in last week's issue.

XIV.—Recount a comic incident that occurred in your infancy.

XV.—Ask if the German PUCK is a translation of the English.

XVI.—Ask why PUCK is so prejudiced against Jews.

XVII.—Ask why PUCK is so prejudiced against Irishmen.

XVIII.—Ask why PUCK is so prejudiced against Talmage.

XIX.—Ask why PUCK is so prejudiced against Chinamen.

XX.—Ask what is the circulation of the paper. You will observe that the Editor doesn't ask you what your income is; but don't let a little thing like that deter you from making yourself pleasant in a stranger's office.

## THE SOLACE OF THE CITY-BOUND SEMITE.



MR. LEVI MINZESHEIMER MAY NOT GO TO MANHATTAN, BUT HOLY ART HAS POWER TO CONSOLE HIM IN HIS BATH-ROOM.

—[Adapted from Fliegende Blätter.]

Too MUCH sunshine would spoil life, because if we were always bathed in sunshine and never knew rain, life would be no better than a desert. We would have no weather-prophets; we would have no umbrellas to softly elude our grasp and drift silently from us. Manufacturers of fancy hosiery would all fail, because of the lack of mud to keep business brisk and lively. We require a little shadow occasionally. We want sadness to wake us up to the serious responsibilities of life—and that is the reason we go to the minstrels occasionally.

A HAPPY LOT—The original old man, after his wife was cured of freshness.



THEIR USES.

So you would like to know what becomes of all the cold buckwheat-cakes that are taken back to the hotel kitchen, would you? Well, you shall know; because, as you say you are soon going to house-keeping, it is only right and proper that you should know all about it, that you may become a domestic economist, and make everything go as far as possible. The cold buckwheat-cakes are not thrown away at all. They are utilized in various ways. Sometimes they are sold to stove-makers, who use them for stove-lids. Frequently they are sent to art stores, where they are sold for plaques and painted on by sentimental young ladies. In sporting establishments they are sold to people who play skittles and quoits. They even find favor in the eyes of the manufacturer of musical instruments, who uses them for tambourines and for drum and banjo-heads, after being stretched to the proper size.

They are not infrequently used for tiles, and they make very fine pump-suckers. Cut teeth in them, and you will find it difficult, if not impossible, to secure a better circular-saw. They also make a more enduring wheel than does the average pie. Now, Myra, we have told you what becomes of the cold buckwheat-cakes, and it would be better for the human stomach if the hot ones were used in precisely the same way.

ONE REASON why March is a good month in which to plant seeds, is because all the hens are becalmed on eggs, and never think of going forth to have an old-fashioned scratch at the ground.

PUCK'S RECIPES.

- To Remove Dandruff—Marry.
- To Keep Gloves Clean—Wash your hands.
- To Preserve Cherries—Keep the small boys off.
- To Cure "Hams"—Pelt them with wearied eggs.
- To Take Out Grease-spots—Sit on a warm stove.

NEWSPAPER VOCABULARY.

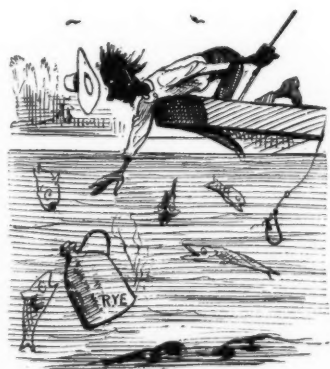
- Holocaust.—Runaway team.
- Epithalamium.—Funeral sermons.
- Strong Men Wept.—Boy sniveled.
- Learned Counsel.—Tombs shyster.
- Society News.—Impertinent guesses.
- Society Belle.—Old maid with bonds.
- Beastly Intoxication.—Plebeian drunk.
- Society Man.—Loafer with rich father.
- Political Hack.—Impecunious politician.
- Special Correspondent.—Manifold-writer.
- Modest Domicile.—Frame shanty on the rocks.
- Hospitable Mansion.—Side-table for reporters.
- Sudden Attack of Vertigo.—Patrician drunk.
- Patrician Element.—Men with decent clothes.
- Terrible Affray.—Tenement-house squabble.
- Agonizing Conflagration.—Fire in a lumber-yard.
- Accomplished Artist.—Treated to two schooners.
- Well-known Sporting Man.—A notorious gambler.
- Stately Residence.—Twenty-foot house on the Avenue.
- Journalistic Enterprise.—Appropriating a rival's copy.
- Hard-handed Sons of Toil.—Corner-grog-shop loafers.
- Distressing Matricide.—Negro killing his mother-in-law.
- Party in Question.—The person identified and convicted.
- Luxurious Home.—Three-story brick house on side street.
- Noble-hearted Publican.—Opened a bottle of Cliquot.
- People's Favorite.—Candidate running on free beer and whiskey galore.

A HIGH OLD EXCUSE.



STARTLED OWNER.—"Hey, what are you doing there?"  
 COLORED THIEF (who has just fallen through skylight).—"I've blown here, Boss, by dat dah dreadfil hurricane we had Souf."

SICK-ROOM BULLETINS.



"Sinking Rapidly."



"Recovery Doubtful."



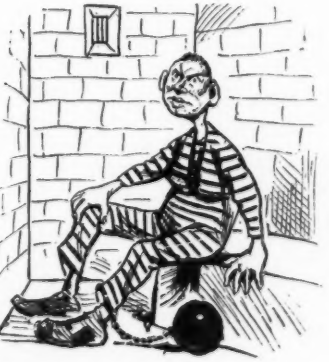
"No Cause for Alarm."



"Now Resting Comfortably."



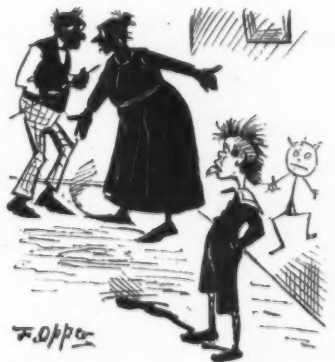
"The Wurst is Momentarily Expected."



"Will be Confined to the House for Some Time."



"Sat Up for the First Time this Morning and Took Some Nourishment."



"A Consultation is Now being Held on the Case."

## ROMANCE AND REALITY.



THIS IS THE WRITER OF THOSE THRILLING BEAR-STORIES IN THE SUNDAY *Sun* AS WE  
PICTURED HIM—



UNTIL ONE DAY A FRIEND INTRODUCED US TO  
EACH OTHER.

*Good Cheer* prints an article entitled "The Value of Literature." The value of literature entirely depends. If the book has a calf-skin cover, it is valuable as a razor-stop. If it is only a foot thick, it comes in first-rate to put under the corner of a bureau which has lost a leg. If it has a clasp on it that will keep it closed, it cannot be eclipsed as a missile to hurl at a dog. If it has a large cover like a geography, it is as good as a piece of tin to nail over a stove-pipe hole or a broken pane of glass. If the paper in which the literature occurs is one of the large ones known as a blanket-sheet, then it is much enjoyed by the young lady who wishes to cut out a pattern of anything. As we said before, the value of literature entirely depends.

IF A MERMAID were pictured with a croquetball under her, she would be even more like a woman, for then she would be a perfect interrogation point.

## AN OLD QUESTION.

There's a little room under the roof.  
What's its size? Why, I scarcely dare tell;  
But the size of the room is no proof  
That a fellow in comfort don't dwell.

There 's a shelf that is filled with the works  
Of Thackeray, Dickens and Scott;  
And a neat little closet where lurks  
Something Scotch that is often served hot.

I've a pipe and a chair for a friend,  
And a five-cent cigar for a foe;  
And a dollar or so that I lend—  
To a fellow I *thoroughly* know.

Notwithstanding the room it is small,  
And the comforts are simple and few,  
I think by the end of the Fall  
I'll make it accommodate *two*.

So I pen you these lines, my dear PUCK,  
And advice from your knowledge I seek,  
And ask: Do you think I'll get stuck  
If I mate on ten dollars a week? MAT.

### CITY FOLKS' SPRING.

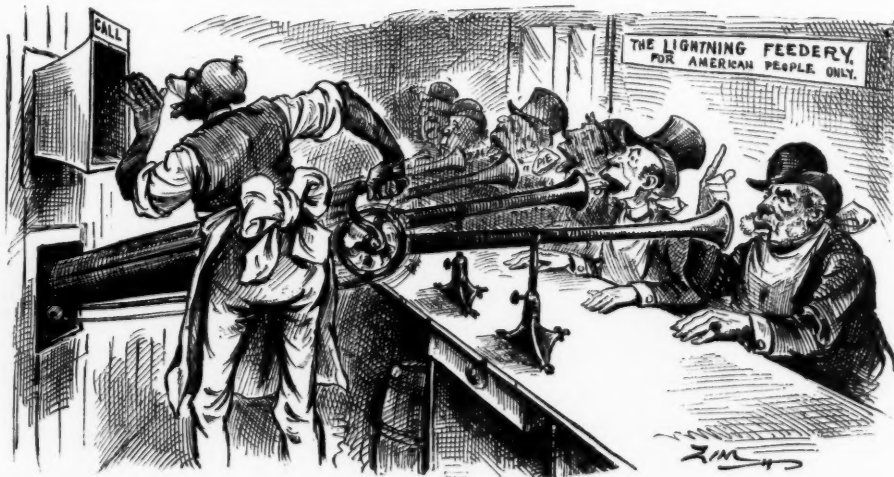
As the observant student of Nature notes the progress of the seasons by the change of leaf and bud and blade, so the city-dweller checks off his calendar by watching the phenomena of town-bound life. For him no anemone blossoms to tell him that Spring has put forth one tentative finger and touched the cold earth; for him no arbutus trails over the damp ground, among the sodden deposits of last year's leaves. He does not see the violets blooming on their native stems, uncultured and un-buttonholed. The muddy spaces of Broadway bear no delicate Jack-in-the-Pulpit, nor do the Dutchman's breeches tremble in the early breezes along the old Hollandish Bowery. The swelling birch tells him no story; he never sees the visible poem that the wind makes among the blossom-clouded apple-boughs. Yet he has indications quite as trustworthy to tell him that Spring is in the land.

In the first place, he knows the season when last year's Summer suit reappears on the street. It is faded, it has a yellow tinge, the trousers bag at the knees, the sleeves crawl up the wearer's arm, and the vest is wrinkled and creased like the side of a bellows. Then comes the new suit, in all its perfect glory, and lo! a stage scattereth mud on it the first day, and likewise is the ink-bottle overturned upon it. Then the white "dicers" burgeon forth, and likewise the Mackinaw straw hats. And the man-who-will-wear-a-white-tie-in-the-day-time goes about like a guerilla clergyman with nothing to tie him up to the Gospel cause but his white choker. The lemonade-stands dot the streets; the haberdashers' windows are brave with light scarfs and gauzy underclothing striped in all the colors of the spectrum. Sudden with saleratus, the strawberry-short-cake tempts the flies on the restaurant counter. Then the country cousin appeareth with his carpet-bag, and the city man knoweth that Spring hath passed into Summer.

WHEN A MAN attempts to put on a pair of boots in a hall-bedroom, he should be very careful, because in the ordinary hall-bedroom there is not space enough to turn a back somersault properly, and it would be very awkward for the boot-donner to land on his feet in the looking-glass and dive down on the floor, or to drive one foot into the water-pitcher and the other through the window, in the morning, when in a hurry to get down to the office early.

YOU CAN tell the exact age of a tree by its rings; but this is not the case with a society belle.

## THE LIGHTNING CHEWING-MACHINE.



PUCK'S IDEA OF AN INVENTION THAT WOULD SAVE TIME FOR OUR FAST-EATING AMERICANS.



WHAT REFORMED ELI PERKINS.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I used to believe in puns. I used to defend puns and conundrums; but, alas! I see the folly of it now. It was only yesterday that I nearly lost my life through a pun. I did lose a good suit of clothes.

This is the sad way my conversion came about:

I was at Coney Island—only yesterday, I say—dining at one of the little hotels. I was dining with the landlord and his family. The landlord wasn't a natural fool, neither was he a very wise man; but he knew enough to teach me never to make another pun.

Well, at this dinner I tried to be entertaining. I told all the good stories I knew, and, as a last resort, I was tempted to make a pun—the last pun I shall ever make. At the table with us all sat the little six-year-old son of the landlord.

His loving father was trying to teach him the names of the different vegetables on the table, such as beets, carrots, turnips, etc.

"This, my son," said the fond father: "is a beet—a red beet, and this yellowish vegetable is a turnip. Now, will you remember?"

And the father stroked the boy's head with a loving hand.

"I'll tell you what I'd do if he forgets," I said, smiling blandly on the landlord: "I'd turn up the boy and beat it into him."

And then, like all punsters when they have made a very bad one, I smilingly awaited the result.

It soon came.

"You would, would you?" screamed the landlord: "you'd turn him up and beat him—you'd whip my boy, would you? Not if I know myself. I'll let you know that I can manage my own children, sir! And when I want any whipping done in my family, I'll do it myself!" And the landlord's big fist came down on the table, kerslam!

"But I meant it as a joke, sir—a pun—a—"

"Whip my boy for a joke, would you?—you miserable scoundrel! You call that making a pun—you—you—"

"Why, yes—turnip and beet him—ha, ha!—don't you see? Don't—"

"No, I don't see you turn my boy up and beat him! Not if I know myself—confound you! Now you leave my hotel—git!" And the landlord flew at me like a tiger, but only caught the tail of my coat as I spun out of the dining-room and on to the Manhattan Beach train.

"If I only had my hat and both of my coat-tails," I sighed, as the train moved off: "and

had these clothes mended, I'd promise never to make another pun again as long as I live."

This is why I've sworn never to make another pun; and if I do—if I ever forget myself and fall, I hope the man who hears it will fall dead in his tracks before he can lift a gun to shoot me.

ELI PERKINS.

A CIRCUS MIGHT gain the reputation of having the champion equilibrist if it would engage a man who could step out on the sawdust and balance the books of a Newark savings-bank.

ADAM INVOLVED the whole human race in his fall; but he never wore a white satin cravat with full-dress.

The Summer Hotel Keeper on the Ragged Edge



BEGINNING OF THE SEASON.

The Watch at the Front Door—"Will They Stop, I Wonder?"

"The Best of this Kind are but Shadows."

Over the way at my neighbor's window,  
The light in her chamber casts a shade,  
And pictures her *en silhouette* on the curtain,  
An impression in black of a charming maid.

Now is portrayed an arm that is shapely,  
Then a wavy shadow of falling hair,  
Then it sways and turns with a faint suggestion  
Of unhooking here and unlacing there.

Now it swells and looms till it fills the curtain,  
A figure grotesquely huge, and then,  
Swift as a dream, it glides before me,  
And lo, the curtain is blank again.

Once more it comes, a face in profile,  
A well-poised head, with braided hair,  
And then the light is gone, and the darkness  
Blots out the vision so sweet and fair.

My pipe, my book again and my slippers:  
A truce to this dreaming. I dare say the maid  
Would prove less kind and fair than her shadow  
That I watched to-night on the window-shade.

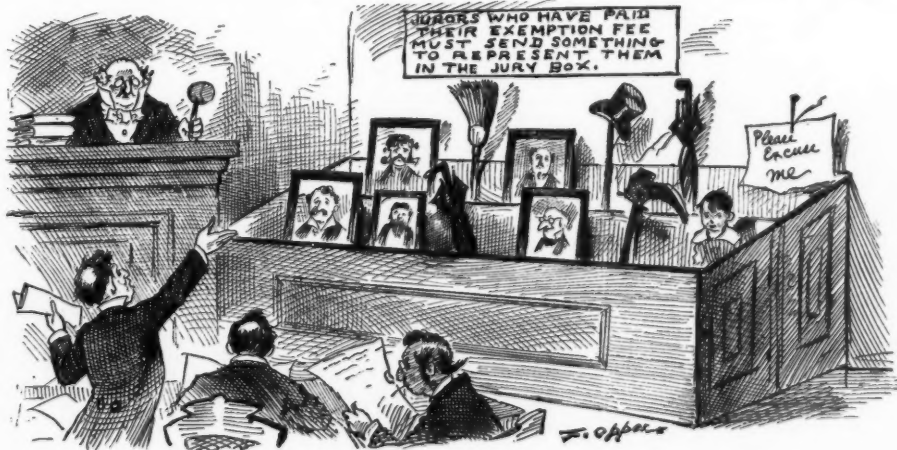
WALTER LEARNED.



END OF THE SEASON.

The Watch at the Back Door—"Will They Skip, I Wonder?"

Now that it is so Easy to Purchase Freedom from Jury Duty—



—FOR THE SAKE OF APPEARANCE, THE ABOVE PLAN SHOULD BECOME A LAW AT ONCE.

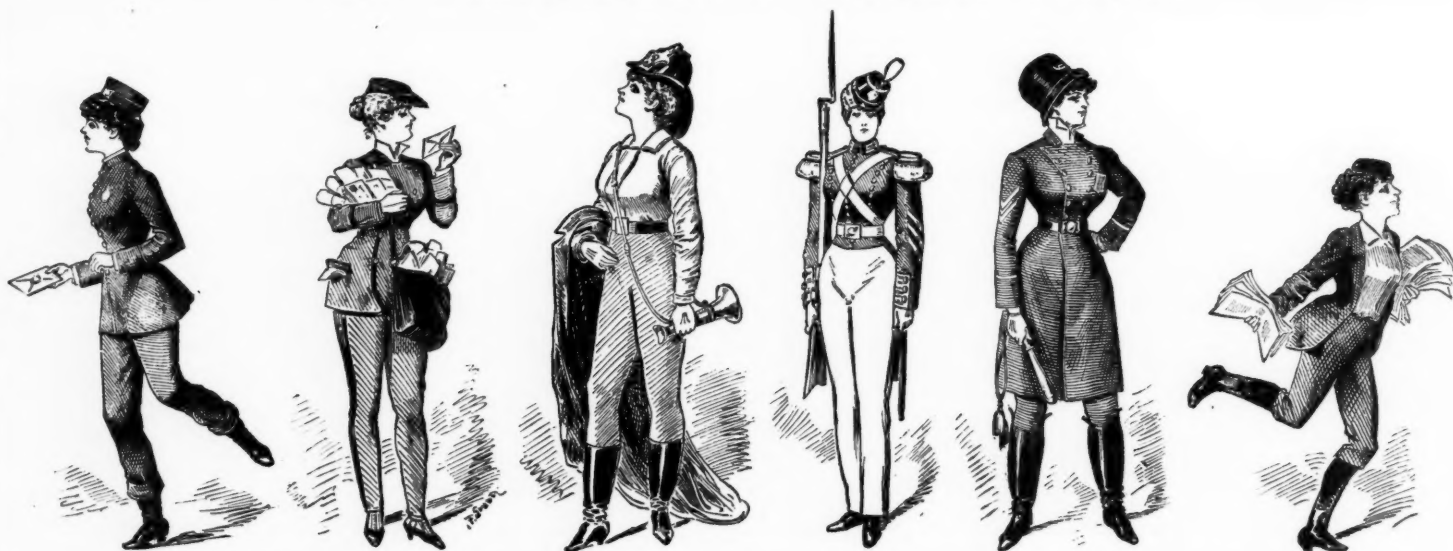
A FABLE.

Al-dab-do-ben was once crossing the Desert with Twelve Merchants of Bagdad, when their Provisions scantified. Suddenly a shower of Dates fell in their midst. Gathering the fruit with Chronological Care, Al discovered that their number was twenty-four. More honest than wise, Al-dab nothing knew of watering the Stock. So he gave unto Himself and unto eleven of the Merchants each two Dates, and killed the odd man, who owned many Camels and a Crutch.

MORAL.—Never travel with Thirteen in company, unless you are the Boss.

JOHN ALBRO.

## THE ENLARGEMENT OF WOMAN'S SPHERE.



A FEW POSSIBILITIES OF THE DAY WHEN ALL MASCULINE EMPLOYMENTS ARE OPEN TO WOMEN.

## THE OFFICE-BOY'S DIARY.

**MONDAY.**—Got down to the office at 11 o'clock, and went in the side door. Met old Snooks and told him my aunt was dead, and that I must go off for three days to attend the funeral. Then I went out in the City Hall Park and played ball, and was chased by the policeman all around the Post-Office. In the afternoon went over to Hoboken to have a swim. Got my shirt "chawed" so that I had to get the knots out with my teeth.

**TUESDAY.**—Left the house as though to go to business, but branched off to the Harlem River and hired a row-boat. Rowed around for a long time and fell overboard. Got soaked and had to go ashore and dry myself on a hot rock. Got home at six, and spoke of my hard day's work, and the prospects of a raise. Went to bed early, but afterward sneaked out and went to the minstrels with the boys.

**WEDNESDAY.**—Went up to Fordham to go bullfrogging. Couldn't find any swamp, but discovered a circus. Attempted to steal under the tent, and succeeded. When the ring-master offered a prize to any one who would ride the trick-mule around the ring three times, made the attempt. Was thrown and torn. Told my parents I got caught in the machinery, down at business, and came within an ace of being killed, and asked for money to go to a variety theatre. Got it.

**THURSDAY.**—Went down to business, and gave a description of my dear aunt's funeral to my employers, and said that she was a very kind woman, and it would be a great while before I could forget her. Then I pocketed some postage-stamps, turned them into cash, and went out and bought a cocoanut-pie. Went back and said I was deathly sick, got away and went to Manhattan Beach for the afternoon. Got

home at ten o'clock, and told my parents I had been obliged to work until nine, and that I was going to strike for a raise.

**FRIDAY.**—Got down late. Said the Elevated Railroad had been delayed. Was sent out for postage-stamps at 11 o'clock, and went down to the river and fished until 2. Caught eight flounders and a porgie. Got back, and was asked what kept me so long. Said the Post-Office was out of stamps, and had to wait on a line two blocks long while the Post-Office laid in a fresh supply. Tied the beer-can on the cat's tail, and chased her all around with the broom. Making a crack at her, missed the mark, and took old Snooks on the head and knocked him out. Told him it was an accident, and rubbed the dust off him, and said I should like to take my vacation on the 10th of August.

**SATURDAY.**—Bounced.

## AN IDYL OF OCEAN.

"Yes; right there. Look out for the boom!"

The speaker stood on the end of the small dock, holding the painter of a magnificent ten-foot cat-boat in his left hand, while he assisted Flora McGinty into the vessel with his right. The bronzed nose, standing boldly out from under his peaked cap, and the corduroy knee-breeches betokened his noble blood.

The lovely maiden on whom he had cast the straight flush of his young affection made an entrancing picture in the noble craft.

The day was beautiful with sunshine as they departed, and far away over the blue water the white sails twinkled against the bluer outline of the shore.

"How lovely it is!" she murmured, soulfully.

"You bet your life," he responded, with a tender smile: "But I'd rather tack. It's more fun than going before the wind."

And then presently she said:

"Oh, Gus, *may* I steer?"

"Yes. Here, take her while I pull up the centre-board. Keep her straight."

She put her lily hand on the tiller, and looked at him fondly as he yanked on the rope, forgetting all else in her sense of rest and happiness.

Their bodies were found two days afterward.

The noble craft had jibed.

WHY is it that when a man kicks a heel off his shoe, and planks his foot down flat, he feels as though he has stepped down about ten feet?

THERE ARE a hundred and four boys born to every hundred girls. Nature evidently makes allowances for suits for breach of promise.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know if "trepan" and "knee-pan" is a perfect rhyme, and if it has ever been used.

## SELF-PROTECTION AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.



DESPERATE BOARDER.—"THERE! I GUESS I CAN GO OUT FOR HALF AN HOUR AND FIND EVERYTHING HERE WHEN I COME BACK!"



ANGER AMONG ADVERTISEMENTS.—A STREET SKETCH.



No, this is not a sketch in Fairy-land. It is a picture of Mr. Schlammmerstein and Mr. Spaghetini meeting in an unfrequented street.

Why do they look like realizations of the fervid fancies of delirium tremens? Because they are walking advertisements, and the rich, ornate symbolical structures which the hand of avaricious wealth has raised up on their wasted frames are intended to hint at the business of their employers.

And why do they meet in an unfrequented street? Because there never was a walking advertisement who didn't take a fiendish delight in perambulating untrodden ways.

Yes, there is. There is one man who makes a specialty of Broadway; because he has a talent not given to his fellows. He can get in everybody's way and trip up his fellow-beings as they hasten in the morning to their daily duties, or in the evening to their homes. He enjoys himself where men most do congregate; but the rest of his colleagues are serenest when they can defeat the prime purpose of their existence by going where nobody can see them.

Mr. Schlammmerstein is at present enacting his great rôle of the Boxing-Glove, for the benefit of the firm of Plunger & Co.

Mr. Spaghetini is doing the great mask act at the instigation of the well-known house of Wax, Doll & Co.



THE SCHOOL OF PORPOISES.

A Dolphin, who was Professor of French in a School of Porpoises, took offense at some remark of a Sword-Fish and challenged him to Mortal Combat. The Salmon, who was Professor of Deportment in the School, suggested that an amicable Arrangement was better for both parties than a Gory Death. Whereupon the Sword-Fish declared on his Honor that he had not made the offensive Remark with any Porpoise of offending. The School broke up at once for the Season.

MORAL: When a fish is stew fresh it will get into a broil, and Salmon or other will have to interfere.  
A. Z.

They greet each other with true professional courtesy. Each is a star in his own line; they are rivals in their art; but the bonds of mutual respect and affection bind them to each other; although one is from the tender clime of sunny Italy and the other is a Diewachtamrheiner.

"How you vas, Maggaroni?" Mr. Schlammmerstein hails his colleague.

"Spaghetini, no Macaroni, Signor Sauer Kraut-a," gently corrects the child of the throbbing South.

"Dot vas all der same auf Deutsch," Mr. Schlammmerstein explains kindly: "you vas some sort of food-shtuff, anyhow."

"An' vot-a you, Schlammara-stein-a infernale?" demanded the excited trisler from the tropics: "Damma! you hear-a me—damma!"

"You vas a grank!" was the blond child of the Northland's contribution to the argument.

"Tedesco!" responded the Southron.

"Vot vas dot you gall me?" inquired the Teuton, menacingly.



"Italiana for Cherman!" was the triumphant reply of Mr. Spaghetini.

"Dedescio yourself!" thundered Mr. Schlammmerstein, delicately planting his left foot under the nose of the infant of Italy.

"Italia liberata! irredenta! damma fool-a!" cried the representative of Tuscany, closing with his opponent.

The fight was an artistic triumph for both

AT PARTING.

"And like as it were an accordeon,  
This lover played on her credulity."  
—Old Greek Bard.

REMEMBER THIS: The hands that fret  
Your mellow palms, with vain regret,  
Were ever tender, leal and true.  
So, let the past come back to you  
Or warm with smiles, or tear-drops wet,  
Look in the eyes that will not let  
Me lie to you—since first we met  
I loved you as you lured me to:  
Remember this!

Nor think in death I will forget  
You utterly—you who have set  
Your lips to mine and drugged me through  
With love's delirious honey-dew:  
My ghost will have the jim-jams yet!  
K-r-r-r-remember this!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



parties. Italia irredenta got in a straight Garibaldi chocolata carbonari left-hander on the pugilistic Pomeranian, who replied with a neat Leberwurst Wasistdesdeutschenvaterland shoulder-hit that permanently settled the right peeper of the man from Dolcefarniente. Spaghetini then resorted to hippodromic tactics, and, taking Mr. Schlammmerstein by the slack of his boxing-glove mansard, shook chaos out of him.

Unfortunately for the termination of one of the greatest combats of modern times, a Metropolitan Policeman arrived on the scene. This may seem strange and startling; but it is nevertheless true. You will remember that the scene is an unfrequented street.

The name of the policeman was Hogan.

"Pfwat's this?" he demanded, as he separated the combatants.

The situation was explained to him.

"Oi disapprove of thim national quar'ls," he said: "Pfwat ye come to this country, it's yer jooty to conduct yerselves loike good Amurrican citizens, an' lave yer proivate predilections behoid yez. Pfwat roight has a Dutchman or a howlin' Italian in this country, annyhow? Did yez ayther of ye vote for Pat Keenan Tuesday was a week? Nayther? Come on, thin, Oi'm after takin' yez in."

And he took them in.



THE HEN AND THE SNAKE.

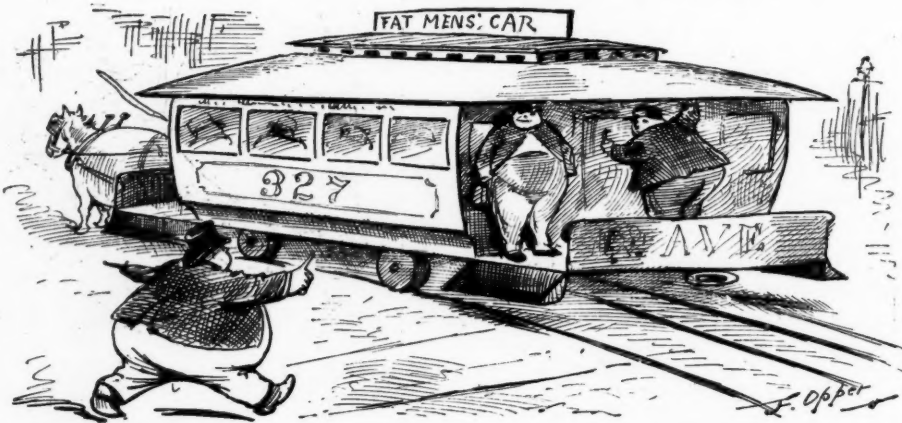
A Hen, while out walking with her Little Ones one day, observed a huge Snake in the Road, and was greatly Astonished at seeing the little Snakes run down their Mother's Throat for Safety.

On the way Home the Hen thought of that beautiful Provision of Nature which enables the Snake to Swallow its Young, and concluded to see how it Worked herself. So she picked up one of her chicks in her mouth, and, in attempting to Swallow it, died of Asphyxia on the Spot.

MORAL: What is Sauce for the Goose isn't Soy for the Sea-serpent.  
R. K. M.

## A BROAD-GUAGE SUGGESTION.

"A lady has recovered \$500 damages because a fat man sat down upon her in an elevated railroad car."—*Daily Paper.*



LET THE FAT MEN KEEP OFF THE ELEVATED RAILROAD AND HAVE STREET-CARS OF THEIR OWN.

## OUR ACHIEVEMENT.

No, dear boy, she didn't sell us a book. Oh, yes, she wanted to. At least that is what we gathered from the general drift of her conversation during the forty-seven minutes she spent in this office. Yes, she told us all about the book. Yes, we know she is supporting an aged mother and three invalid sisters. Certainly, we know that we could have taken the book in parts, to be delivered monthly. Of course, we are aware of the fact that it is the only authentic history of the war. Did she go out of the office before she got ready? We have reason to believe she did not. Then she gave us the whole misery? Well, if she kept any back we didn't notice it. And yet we didn't buy the book? That is what we strive to whisper. Yes, thank you, we believe we do deserve well of our race. No, it was never accomplished before.

And now we should like to hear from Mr. J. L. Sullivan.

## THOMPSON OF "ANGELS."

It is the story of Thompson—of Thompson, the hero of "Angels"; Frequently drunk was Thompson, but always polite to the stranger: Light and free was the touch of Thompson upon his revolver; Great the mortality incident on that lightness and freedom;

Yet not happy nor gay was Thompson, the hero of "Angels," Often spoke to himself in accents of anguish and sorrow, "Why do I make the graves of the frivolous youth who in folly Thoughtlessly pass my revolver, forgetting its lightness and freedom?"

"Why in my daily walks does the surgeon drop his left eye-lid, The undertaker smile, and the sculptor of grave-stone marbles Lean on his chisel and gaze? I care not o'er-much for attention; Simple am I in my ways, save but for this lightness and freedom."

So spake that pensive man—this Thompson, the hero of "Angels," Bitterly smiled to himself, as he strode through the chaparral, musing, "Why, oh, why?" echoed the pines, in their dark olive depth far resounding, "Why, indeed?" whispered the sage-brush, that bent 'neath his feet non-elastic.

Pleasant indeed was the morn that dawned o'er the bar-room at "Angels," Where in their manhood's prime were gathered the pride of the hamlet, Six "took sugar in theirs," and nine to the bar-keeper lightly Smiled as they said, "Well, Jim, you can give us our regular fusel."

Yet in the hamlet of "Angels," when truculent speeches are uttered, When bloodshed and life alone will atone for some trifling misstatement, Maidens and men in their prime recall the last hero of "Angels"— Think of and vainly regret the "Bald-headed Snipe of the Valley."

BRET HARTE.

Suddenly, as the gray hawk swoops down on the barn-yard, alighting Where, pensively picking their corn, the favorite pullets are gathered, So in that festive bar-room dropped Thompson, the hero of "Angels," Grasping his weapon dread with his pristine lightness and freedom.

Never a word he spoke; divesting himself of his garments, Danced the war-dance of the playful yet truculent Modoc, Uttered a single whoop, and then, in the accents of challenge, Spake, "Oh, behold in me a Crested Jay-Hawk of the Mountain!"

Then rose a pallid man—a man sick with fever-and-ague; Small was he and his step was tremulous, weak and uncertain; Slowly a Derringer drew and covered the person of Thompson, Said in his feeblest pipe, "I 'm a Bald-headed Snipe of the Valley!"

As on its native plains the kangaroo, startled by hunters, Leaps with successive bounds, and hurries away to the thickets, So leaped the "Crested Hawk," and quietly hopping behind him Ran and occasionally shot that "Bald-headed Snipe of the Valley."

Vain at the festive bar still lingered the people of "Angels," Hearing up afar in the woods the petulant pop of the pistol; Never again returned the "Crested Jay-Hawk of the Mountain." Never again was seen the "Bald-headed Snipe of the Valley."

## THE ENTERPRISING OFFICE-BOY AND THE LEFTNESS.

An Enterprising Office-Boy, seeing a chance to do a stroke of Business on his own personal Hook, stretched the half-hour allotted to his Luncheon into a large, able-bodied Hour, and engaged himself to serve a Dairyman, during the Meridian Rush of Business, without the knowledge of his employer, at the rate of fifteen cents a Day. For a long time he lived Luxuriously on his Ill-Gotten Gains; but it happened finally that the Dairyman was arrested for selling Skim milk. The Office-Boy was sent to the House of Detention as a witness, where he was incarcerated for three months, thereby losing his Remunerative employment and being ultimately cast on the world a Helpless Waif.

The Moral of this Fable teaches us that when an Office-Boy experiences an Irresistible inclination to waste his employers' Time, he should stick to the time-honored Method of Sitting on a Hydrant and Reading the *Police Gazette*.

## A STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.



"Bedad, yous boys listen t' wat Oi'm tellin' yez—that gawt is that dainty in his food an' that quiet an' pace-able in his ways that Oi—"



"Give me hould of the airthquake where Oi can wrastle wid it, wull ye!"



DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY.

SHOP VOCABULARY.

**Fashionable.**—Salable to idiots.

Example: These pointed shoes are very fashionable.

**Specialty.**—Anything we happen to sell.

Example: We make a specialty of thread and needles.

**Standard Goods.**—Job-lots from auction.

Example: These scarfs, three for a dollar, are our standard goods.

**Misfit.**—Second-hand, but scoured.

Example: These carpets we mark at half the regular price, because they are misfits.

**Full Weight.**—Subject to customary fraud.

Example: We always give full weight in delivering coal—(i. e., about 1,600 lbs. to the ton of 2,240 lbs.)

**Custom-made.**—Spoiled in manufacture.

Example: This riding-habit is custom-made—(i. e., we made a botch of it and had it returned to us.)

**Eastlake.**—Glued together.

Example: This furniture is real Eastlake—(i. e., the hideous pattern is held together with glue only.)

**Guarantee.**—Desire to sell. Keenly anxious to get rid of.

Samples: We guarantee these gloves. I guarantee that horse.

**Give You Good Satisfaction.**—Will last till you get home—with care.

Example: This \$1.50 umbrella will give you good satisfaction.

**Choice Lot.**—Chosen to get rid of.

Example: These oranges are a choice lot—(i. e., if we keep them over-night the Board of Health will interfere.)

**Hand-made.**—Bought in quantities in factories.

Example: These clothes-pins cost a cent a dozen, because they are hand-made.

**Our Own Make.**—Factory goods.

Example: These carpet-tacks are our own make—(i. e., we buy them from the jobber, who gets them from the agent of the nail mills.)

**Good Customer.**—One who submits to over-charges.

Example: Mr. Suddenwealth is one of our best customers—(i. e., his servants order what they like, and he pays the bills without questioning quantities or prices.)

**Selling Out** (in consequence of removal).—

Marking up prices 25 per cent.

**Peremptory Sale.**—Marking up prices 30 per cent.

**Assignee's Sale.**—Marking up prices 35 per cent.

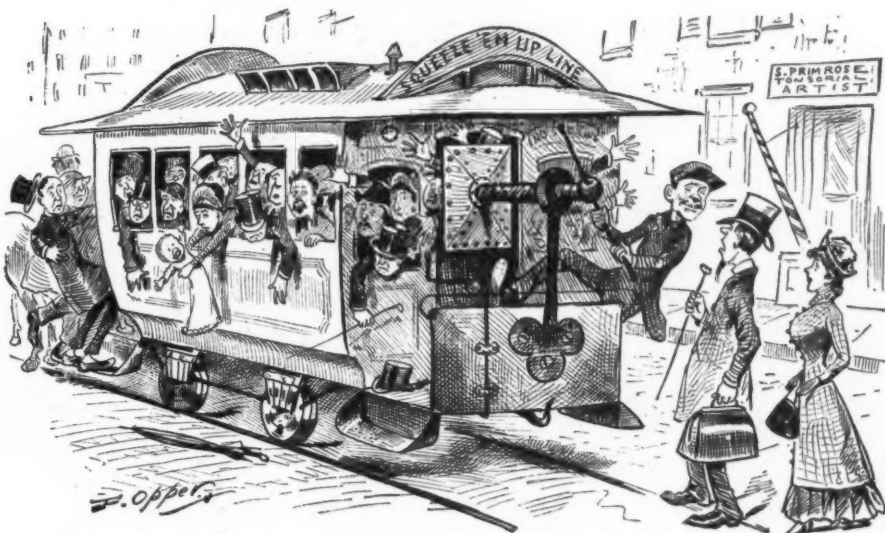
**Selling Out at Cost.**—Marking up prices 40 per cent.

MANAT.

THE PARADOX of paradoxes is that in the marriage ceremony the woman doesn't get in any more talk than the man.

PUCK'S PATENT "BIG PROFIT" STREET-CAR.

[BETTER THAN "MOVE UP IN FRONT!"]



CONDUCTOR:—"HOLD ON A MINUTE TILL I GIVE HER ANOTHER TWIST, AN' I'LL LET YOU ON!"

"WATER-LILIES—ELOQUENCE."

Speak to her, lilies, with a voice as sweet—  
As softly sweet—as, that which moves her lips.  
The while you twine about her finger-tips  
Her pulse's rhythmic throbbing strive to meet;  
And if, at thought of me, her arms repeat  
Heart-welcome that my own poor, faint heart slips,  
Then whisper—tell her: "Home return my ships:  
Come, dear commander, and direct thy fleet!"

Yet tell her, also, (else your words are lost):  
"My ships have sailed no shallow mountain-brook;  
No hopeful chance of gain my crews forsook;  
They bring me merchandise beyond all cost.  
Your uniform shall bring fair friends a frost.  
Am I the sort of man that should be 'shook'?"  
WALTER L. SAWYER.

ANOTHER VIEW OF IT.

'Mongst other thoughts of youthful days,  
One thought I can recall:  
'Twere better to have loved and lost  
Than ne'er have loved at all.

But now, at riper years, methinks  
That thought of mine would run:  
'Twere better to have loved and lost  
Than to have loved—and won. J. R. R.

PUCK'S FAMILY SCRAP-BOOK.

Never beat the door-mat on the piano-legs.  
To keep milk fresh, never put any salt in it.  
Never cut oilcloth with a new pair of scissors.  
To remove mildew from bronze, use a rat-tail file.  
Always remember that old boot-legs make good hinges.  
Never cook crullers in hair-oil. It spoils the hair-oil.  
To destroy the smell of paint, pour kerosene on the floor.  
An old starch-can painted green makes a nice jardinière.  
To remove paint from the window-sills, use a jack-plane.  
To break up a hen's nest, hurl half-a-dozen bricks into it.  
Never beat eggs with a curry-comb—unless the horse is sorrel.  
It is hard on a carving-knife to sharpen it on the window-sill.  
To permanently remove grease-spots from clothing, cut them out.  
Never remove a cork from a bottle with the prong of a carving-fork.  
A glossy black kitten makes a splendid substitute for a silk hat-brush.  
To remove varnish from the piano-legs, let the children play in the parlor.  
To keep moths out of your Winter clothes, give them to your poor relatives.  
It is considered exceedingly vulgar to hang your ulster on the chandelier.  
Never clean your teeth with sandpaper, as the sand is apt to make the gums sore.  
Don't throw away your broomsticks. A broomstick is a nice thing to train a sunflower on.  
To wash a mule safely, do it with a garden-hose, and stand on the other side of a fence while you do it.  
In making lemonade, be sure and use lemons; and in constructing clam-chowder, don't refrain from using a few clams.  
To keep flies off a bald head during the sermon, the head should be well saturated with kerosene before going to church.  
If you wish a good, durable spring for the front gate, secure a boarding-house steak, cut it in strips, and fasten the ends together with wire. This will last several years, when the wire will give out. A single steak used in this way will last many years, and one has frequently been known to wear out as many as eight sets of wire.

THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION.



THE ABOVE SIMPLE LITTLE DEVICE WOULD PUT A COMPLETE STOP TO FERRY-BOAT SUICIDES.

### PET PHRASES.

## Foiled!

Briny deep.

A dark horse.

Devoted head.

'The happy pair.'

## Weesma' hours.

The iron horse.

Young hopeful.

Regardless of  
expense.

The immediate vicinity.

I had a dream  
last night—

You shall bitterly  
rue this day.

Another step  
and you are lost!

A vista of enchanting possibilities.

'The scene was one of entrancing beauty.

The streets were thronged with excited crowds.

There is a general sentiment in this community—

The criminal is said to belong to a respectable family.

The accused man had metamorphosed his appearance by cutting off his moustache.

USEFUL AND INTERESTING.



HOW TO CONVINCE YOUR WIFE OF YOUR ENTIRE AND PERFECT SOBRIETY WHEN YOU  
COME HOME LATE FROM THE MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

## PUCK'S PICTORIAL PERSONALS.



AM IN ANXIOUS SUSPENSE, AND NEED HELP.

TO A PAIR OF OXFORD TIES.

Thou art still covered with the dusty breath  
Of Summer roads, breathed on thee that June day  
When I gained utter bliss to hear her say  
The words no doubt she well remembereth—  
Which to another now perhaps she saith!  
Ah, sweet, how sweet was that long, winding way  
Between the orchards! Yet would to God I lay  
Beneath the barren orchard trees in death!  
For she, grown cold, hath left me most forlorn—  
She looketh not at me, my prayers despite,  
Nor careth she that I since then am lost!  
Yea, lo! Life is a curse! There is a corn  
Which groweth from that day—the shoes were tight!  
I'll sell thee, Oxford Ties, at just half cost!

HENRY WELLINGTON VROOMAN.

A JAPANESE WOMAN dresses her hair once in every four days. The luxury of hearing one's wife, with the ends of her hair in her teeth, and her mouth full of hair-pins, talking about the kitchen-boiler in the morning before the mirror, is never enjoyed by the Japanese husband more than twice a week.

## LATEST FASHION NOTE.



"Plaid overcoats will be much worn by artists this season."



A SON'S MISCALCULATIONS.



"Wait till yer see me fool de ole man."



"Do yer think he got onder me?"



"I should smile!"

Autumn Advice to the Young Man.

The Summer is drawing to a close, and the days of your vacation are numbered. This is about the time to begin to build up a good healthy sunburn, so that when you return to the city everybody will know that you have been in the country. It is also time to begin to ease off, as it were, with that girl you have been flirting with so hard for the last two weeks. No, dear boy, you can't marry on ten dollars a week, and you know it perfectly well. No, even economizing on cigarettes won't do it. Perhaps it would be just as well if you took a small reef in your enthusiasm. But you don't want to marry her? Certainly not, dear boy; but what has that to do with it? Suppose she wants to marry you? That's the hurdle, Alexander. And if you don't taper off right here, Alec, we will put up large money you are skirmishing around for an engagement-ring inside of two months.

WON BY ANOTHER.

[About 'Stein Miles After Home.]  
In yonder gilded tavern  
There hangs a painting rare;  
'Tis the picture of a maiden  
With a wealth of golden hair.



I gazed upon that maiden,  
And I wished she might be mine;  
But I'm doomed to disappointment,  
And in sadness I repine.  
O fair and lovely maiden,  
You were never meant for me,  
For, you see, I threw but fifty-two,  
And some duffer threw fifty-three. J. C. W.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE—The cow that opens the garden-gate with her horns, and proceeds to banquet on the geraniums and lettuce.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.



"HASH!"



"HUSH!"

A BURGLAR WAS recently caught up-town, and, on being searched at the station-house, one of his pockets was found to contain a fish-ball on the end of a piece of stout cord.

"Is that the way you carry your food around?" inquired the captain. "I don't carry that around to eat!" protested the burglar.

"Isn't it a fish-ball?" asked the captain.

"It is."

"And don't you eat fish-balls?"

"Yes; but that is a boarding-house fish-ball."

"And don't you eat boarding-house fish-balls?" asked the captain.

"I do not; they are too valuable to eat."

"How's that?"

"Why, because they can be used for slungshots. First you tie a cord about a foot long to it, and by swinging it around your head you can knock an ox out. Now, once—"

But he was hustled swiftly away.

"TIME IS MONEY."



THE DOUBLE WIRE-PULLER.

THE GREAT American bear-pastoral writer of the Sunday Sun was interviewed the other day.

"You confine yourself principally to idyls which give you an opportunity to treat of the bear?"

"I do."

"You have no doubt had a wide experience with bears in the far West, and have lived with trappers?"

"I was never in the West in my life, and never saw a trapper."

"Then where did you see the bears?"

"I never saw but one bear in my life," frankly replied the narrator of thrilling narratives: "and that was an old moth-eaten bear, nailed up on his hind-legs in front of a fur-store."

It is believed that before long a restaurant insurance company will be formed to take risks on men being choked to death by suspender-buttons, cloth and other things which are popular in restaurant satire.

## PUCK'S PATENT PROVERBS.

—Put not your trust in guns, nor in sons of guns.

—The wind bloweth whither it listeth; but the advertising agent hath all seasons for his own.

—Great pains from little horns grow. Smith's Salve. For sale by all druggists. 25 cents. —*Adv.*

—Never feed a dog corn nor attempt to pick your teeth with a pair of scissors. This is from the Chinese.

—Never walk behind the person who carries water up-stairs. Never carry water up-stairs yourself—always let your boy do it.

—The wise man looks around to see that the train is on the other track; but the man who fancies he can fight the black bottle successfully is an idiot.

—Grabbing at fortune is very much like grabbing at a strange cat: the cat doesn't always seem to be where she was when you started with your grabbing.

—Always paste your card on the inside of your hat to cover the name of the hatter, unless he is a swell one—then don't paste any card in.

—The easiest things are always the most difficult. It is easier to find a publisher for a book of poems than to wear your hat backward for three minutes.

—Never sift ashes with the wind blowing in your face. Wait till the wind stops and then postpone the sifting until your wife gets back. A woman can always sift better than a man.

—The black band is a symbol of mourning only when it is around a high hat. It is a symbol of *hardupica poetica* when it breaks up the monotony of the seat of a pair of pearl-colored trousers.

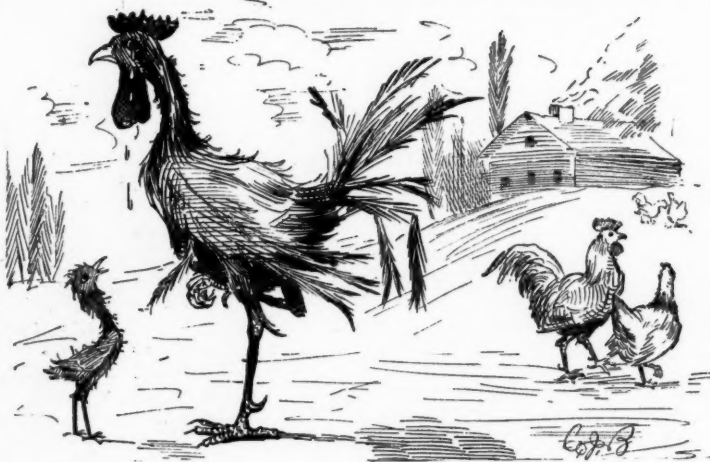
—A man's good acts never get out; but every one is ready to give you a history of his misdeeds. This is the reason it is so difficult to open a box of sardines with a pair of scissors with one blade half gone.

—In this funny world it is safer to bet on than judge by appearances. A man may drink whiskey for an ailment, and water because he cannot secure whiskey. The latter picture would be the safer of the two to bet on.

—A tooth-brush is intended to shine your teeth, a blacking-brush to shine your shoes. Therefore it would be the acme of human folly to attempt to shine your boots with your tooth-brush, or your teeth with your blacking-brush.

—The shoe simply creates the impression; the mule makes the shoe fly. So it is that the old man creates a fortune and the young man makes it fly; but the young man and the old man together cannot make so great an impression as the shoe working in harmony with the mule. Selah!

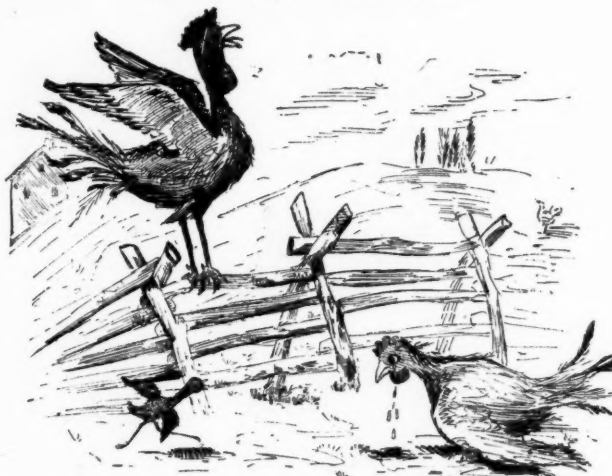
## THE FAMILY'S TROUBLES.



"My dear papa,  
Why don't mama  
Come feed me as she used ter?"

"Hush, Mary Jane"—  
[Aside]—"I can't explain;  
She's with that other rooster."

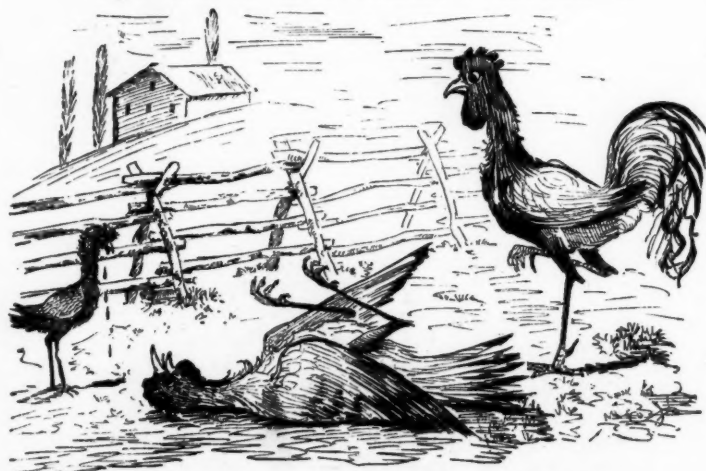
## THE FAMILY REUNITED.



MOTHER TO CHILD:  
"Dear Mary Jane,  
I'm home again,  
Much sadder and much wiser."

No more I'll roam  
Away from home—"  
CHILD TO FATHER:  
"Pa, here's your Ann Elizer."

## THE END OF THE FAMILY'S TROUBLES.



MAMA (*dying*).  
"I die, my child: no more these wings  
Will shield you from life's storm.  
Take care of pa. See that he brings  
Your usual morning worm."

PA (*bracing up*).  
"Death comes to us all—it is the rule;  
We've lost your erring mother."  
[Aside] "I'll send Mary Jane to a board-  
ing-school,  
And be looking around for another."

## DISAPPOINTMENT.—A WOMAN SPEAKS.

For the sake of recreation,  
Once I asked an explanation  
From a young man, (no relation,  
What was meant by "osculation,"  
While I shifted my location  
To invite the sweet sensation.  
Well, imagine my vexation

When he gave me the translation  
And its Latin derivation,  
And a lot of information,  
Like a pedagogue's oration,  
Just as if he were at school—  
Was n't he an awful fool?

B. W. DAVIS.

## PUCK'S RELIABLE RECIPES.

TO IMPROVE AND SWEETEN THE TONE  
OF A CORNET.

R. Syr. Fusc. *oj.*

Take one pint of the best molasses and boil over a slow fire until it is evaporated to such a consistency that a portion dropped into cold water becomes hard and brittle. Then, having secured your cornet—if possible, without attracting its owner's notice—hold it firmly, bell uppermost, in the left hand, and with the right slowly pour the boiled molasses into the aperture of the bell until it is quite filled. The cornet should then be set in a cool place until its contents have become quite hard.

A cornet treated in this manner acquires a singular sweetness of tone, and is made infinitely more agreeable to the ears of a great majority of people. It entirely loses its penetrating quality, and becomes the source of a great deal of innocent amusement to everybody but its owner.

If the owner, as will sometimes happen, feels disappointed at the result of this treatment of his instrument, and attempts to restore it to its original condition, he will be obliged to soak his cornet for at least a week in a tub of water before he can succeed in wholly removing the candy. As this course, however, will most probably rust the valves, and so make the instrument useless for musical purposes, the owner will very likely adopt the simpler method of clubbing the life out of the person or persons concerned in the experiment, a plan which, while it will not help the cornet, will do a great deal toward soothing the owner's feelings.

On this account, the utmost secrecy should be observed in securing the cornet, and none but muscular men should venture to conduct the operation.

F. E. CHASE.

IRISH VERSION—Be sure you riot, then go ahead.

IF YOU think a new broom sweeps clean, just try it on your dress-suit once.

YES, CLARISSA SWEETEST, you take about two pounds of ice, half-a-pint of water, one strawberry, one piece of pineapple, one cross section of a lime, one stratum of an orange, one median elevation of a lemon, some mint and a spoon and two straws and a fly, and put them all in a goblet, and that's a mint julep. Oh, yes, we believe there is a salt-spoonful of brandy that ought to go in then somewhere; but you just go and order the julep at any fashionable restaurant and see if you can catch the brandy yourself. We are near-sighted, and a little hard of tasting.



SCIENCE AND SOLE.



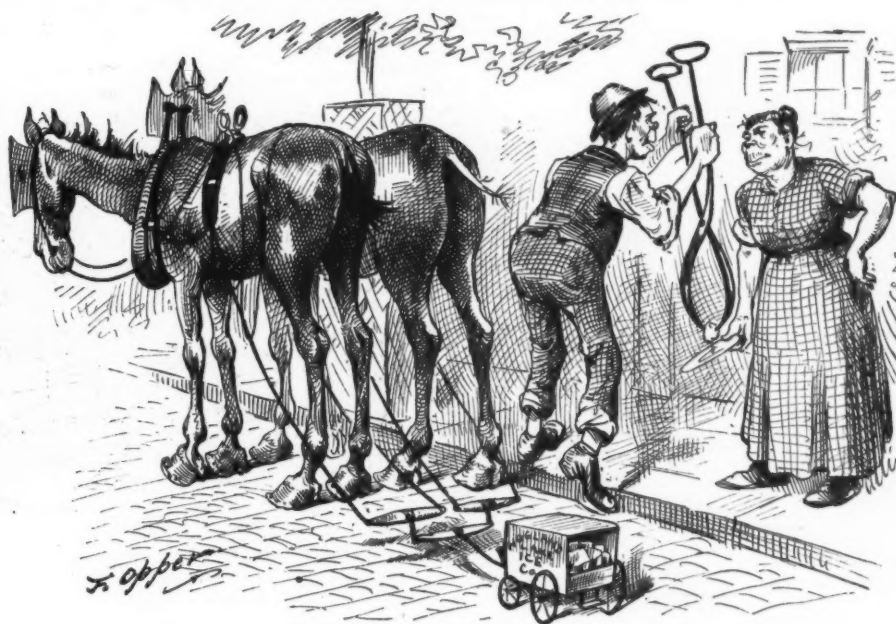
"Wonderful," said Professor Pippendorf: "are the discoveries of Science. The eagle eye of Science, gentlemen, enables me to say that this gigantic foot-print which we have just discovered was unquestionably made in prehistoric ages—in the Jurassic period, in fact—by that enormous monster which I, gentlemen, have had the honor of discovering—the Monster Mastodon Muskrat or Mus Craticus Gigans, which—"

"Which didn't make 'em," broke in Professor Gripsacque, with a snarl: "Maybe those foot-prints weren't made in the post-triassic period—my own discovery—my private discovery—by the Mastodon Duckbilled Platy-pus of the period—another discovery which belongs to me—my own private property."

"You bought it," returned Professor Pippendorf: "off a busted scientist in Waukegan, Michigan."

"If I may be allowed to express an opinion," mildly interposed Dr. Gumderop, the author of "The Fairyland of Science," and other works: "If I may be allowed to express an opinion, I will say that, without taking a too romantic view of the subject, it seems to me that this is probably the trace of the well-known Hippogriff, so long, though erroneously, supposed to be a fabled animal. Here is clearly the mark

EXCUSE US FOR MENTIONING IT.



ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME THE ICE COMPANIES BUILT THEIR WAGONS TO SUIT THE QUANTITIES OF ICE THEY DELIVER?

of the Hippo, while the Griff is distinctly indicated at the other end."

And the good Doctor took off his eye-glasses and put on his spectacles to examine the marvel.

"Hippogriff!" snorted Professor Pippendorf, disdainfully.

"Hippogriff your respected grandmother!" sneered the sarcastic Professor Gripsacque.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Doctor, meekly: "I certainly thought I observed traces of the Griff—or, well, perhaps it was the Hippo that deceived me." And he sighed sadly.

"Suppose, gentlemen," suggested Professor Pippendorf: "we move on and follow the tracks up. We may find the skeleton of the mighty wonder of the Jurassic period."

"Jurassic your aunt's second cousin!" howled Professor Gripsacque: "Post-triassic and no nonsense, neither. And if any gentleman here

wants to take off his coat and settle it right here, in the interests of Science, I'm his philosophical hair-pin!"

"I think we had better follow up the tracks," said Doctor Gumderop.

"Yes, I am sure that Reginald loves me!"

The chilly splendor of the late December day was fading in the west as these words dropped from Reine McCloskey's lips. The fair girl was walking with hurried footsteps along the highroad that led from the bustling city of Chicago to her ancestral halls, in Coastcliff Castle. As she walked briskly on her way, in spite of the effects of the recent thaw, which had made the roadway as tender as a porous-plaster culled in the dreamy days of July, it was not the breeze alone that brought the flush to her velvet cheek and the brightness to her eye. Reine McCloskey was entering that delicious period which comes to crown the life of every girl, and which ends like a happy dream in the sweet and strong luxuriance of womanhood.

"Yes," she said, quickening her pace, and her feet seemed to touch the earth more lightly as the thought brought the peach-bloom to her cheeks: "I am sure he loves me. But I would give a chromo and seventeen cents to know why

THE BOSS OF THE SITUATION.



THE SUMMER HOTEL HEAD-WAITER.

MILLIONAIRE GUEST:—"PLEASE DON'T IGNORE US; YOU MAY BE A GUEST HERE YOURSELF SOME DAY!"



those three old duffers are trailing me. Is it—" and her eyes grew more brightly tender: "is it a mash?"

## LEFT!

A Summer evening,  
A low square room,  
One-half moon-lighted  
And half in gloom.

From out the stillness  
A girl's voice floats,  
And charms my soul  
With its sad sweet notes.

And music draws me,  
With witchery sweet,  
To lay my heart  
At the singer's feet.

I pause a moment,  
And, while I wait,  
I hear the latch  
Of the garden gate.

A shadow darkens  
The moonlit square—  
A touch falls soft  
On the girl's bright hair.

A sudden silence—  
A startled cry—  
And they are happy!

But where am I? M. M. K.

## A DIFFERENCE OF LOCALITY.



Curiosity in the Country:  
A STRANGER IN TOWN.

## A CHOICE.

Ten maids there were,  
Each one as fair  
As the other nine.  
Ten stars so bright  
In lovely light  
Each other did outshine

A tender swain,  
With puzzled brain,  
Lifts up his wailing voice,  
And in despair  
He tears his hair  
That he can't make a choice.

"Wail not!" they cried:  
"Nor woe betide;  
But rather do rejoice  
That other ten  
Much better men  
Than you have made a  
choice."

WILL J. LAMPTON.

JABBERWOCKY ETYMOLOGY.

A slap and a bump  
Is a slump.  
A slap and a jam  
Is a slam.

## WEATHER STATISTICS.

At St. Paul, Minn., a man has been frozen out of a game of pool.

Stone-cutters in the South complain greatly at being forced to work with cold chisels.

A drummer has been found at Chillicothe, O., suffering from a severe case of cold cheek.

At Monte Carlo, recently, a roulette-player who bet heavily on the zero was horrified to find that it was 36 below.

March 4th, 1877, was such a cold day for Mr. Samuel J. Tilden that he has never since recovered from the effects of it.

In St. Augustine, Fla., ice has been found on several of the bars. It was not pack-ice; but floated free in the whiskey.

In a Davenport, Ia., billiard-saloon, the other day, on the table nearest the stove, a couple of balls were observed to freeze.

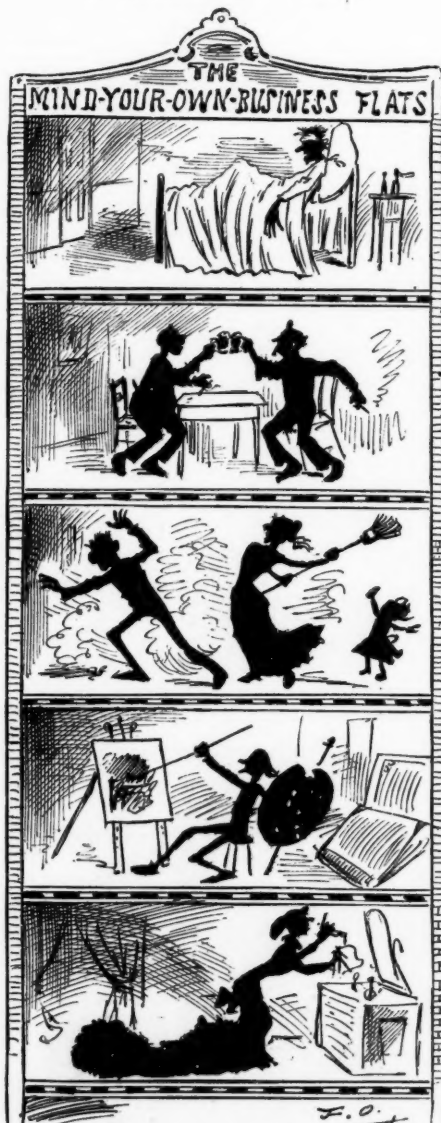
The cold is so intense in several of the Western cities that the safe manufacturers are obliged to use chilled iron in their business.

In April, 1861, there was such a coldness between the Northern and Southern sections of this country that thousands lost their lives.

## THE AGE OF IMPROVEMENT.



The birch is not used at all in the Southern schools.—Exchange.



Indifference in the City:  
STRANGERS UNDER ONE ROOF.

THE TRUE Bostonian never admits that time is yanking him bald-headed. He says the temporal fugacity is superinducing premature alopecia. He would wear a wig only there is no long enough name for it.

## A FIVE-CENT PIECE.

A man may have a hundred dollars in one pocket and a punched five-cent nickel in the other, and he will never think of the hundred dollars once, but will think of the five-cent nickel all the time. Of course he can't remember where he got it. That he will never know. But he wonders how he can get rid of it. He tries to pass it on various people by turning the worst side down; but he fails, and feels awfully mean and mortified at being caught. He would be willing to buy something he doesn't need at all to get rid of it; but no one will take it. He will sit in his office, and take it out and look at it, and turn it over carefully and thoughtfully, and reflect on the prospects of disposing of it. And, after he has worried over it for a long time, he presents it to a boot-black as though it were a farm. And that night, on the way home in the bob-tail car, late, it strikes him that he might get rid of it in the box, if he only had it; and then a mean sensation steals over him, and he feels like clubbing himself all around the car, as he staggers up and drops a new five-cent piece in the box.

## PERILS OF A RUSSIAN BATH ATTENDANT.



GENTLEMAN FROM ARIZONA:—"Use me tender, stranger, an' go light with them towels and scrapers, fur there's no tellin' when I mout begin t' shoot!"



A SUMMER IDYL; OR, THE ICE-KING'S CAREER.

[IN THREE CHAPTERS.]



MAY.



AUGUST.



OCTOBER.

SCHILLER'S SOLIDITY.

A poem in *The Century* is headed with a quotation from Schiller:

"The There is never Here."

This, Colonel Schiller, is where you have got on to a great and permanent truth; but you don't begin to realize the dimensions of it. You can sink a shaft in that location half-way to China and strike pay rock every foot. Not only is the There never Here—or so rarely as not to materially influence the market, but has it ever occurred to you that the Here is but infrequently There? Then, as a cock-eyed poet observed to us once, the Hence is not Hither more than once out of a possible ten times. And the Where is never Why, too; and no more is the Off the On, or the Under the Over. All these facts are lying like barnacles about the great and glorious verity that you have struck, Judge Schiller, and there are more behind. Great minds have been exercised before this, and strong men have suffered and fair women have wept over the tendency of the Somewhere to keep strictly separate from Nowhere. Then there's the Now. Did you think of the Now? The Now is never Then, you know. You might have put that down. Oh, you've got the idea, Major Schiller; but you don't know how to work it. Still, we respect you for your efforts in the cause of truth and originality, and we are willing to put money on your statements. Any man who wants to call at our office and bet that Governor Schiller is wrong in saying that the There is never Here can be accommodated right down to our last kreuzer.

DEAD GOLD—Shekels bet on the wrong side.

THE IRISH QUESTION—How much are potatoes worth?

A PAGE FROM THE PRIMER OF FASHION.



Per-haps You Im-a-gine that this Young La-dy be-longs to a Dime Mu-se-um and has a World-Wide Fame as an An-a-tom-i-cal Won-der?  
Well, no, you are a-way Off; she is sim-ply at-tir-ed in the Height of Fashion, and her Dress-Ma-ker is Res-pon-si-ble for her Ob-serv-a-tory Should-ers. That is All.  
Now Do You Feel Bet-ter?

THE EDITOR sat down and wrote: "This magnificent agglomeration, embracing three distinct and separate shows under one tent, will exhibit in this village on Wednesday." And the agent, lingering by the bar, said: "Barkeep, that may have been good enough stuff for the *Clarion* man; but I guess you 'n' I had better have a little nip of your best, just to take the taste away. Set 'em up—the show pays it."

A MODERN PLAY.

ACT FIRST.—Steamboat explosion. Duel. Building in flames. Rescue from murder. Red fire, thunder and lightning. Curtain falls.

Audience are given time to take nerve tonics, to prepare for the next act.

ACT SECOND.—Terrific land battle, during which time the hero and villain use each other for targets. Bomb-shells, grape-shot and red fire. Man thrown from a seventh-story window. Cries of "Sit down!" in the gallery. Mine explosion, red fire, moans from a mob. Curtain falls.

Audience given time to recuperate.

ACT THIRD.—Hero escapes from a lion's den. Moses the Jew's plot. Duel with knives. Murdered by Indians. Fight with Indians. Indians routed. Entrance of U. S. Regulars. Band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner." Red and green fire. Curtain falls.

Easy breathing and munching of peanuts in the gallery. Audience again given opportunity to take Nerveine.

ACT FOURTH.—Railroad smash-up. Fight between the hero and villain, during which time they are seen to fall over a precipice. Seized by brigands. Murder. Earthquake. Red fire. Curtain falls.

ACT FIFTH.—Conflagration, riot and general alarm. Duel with pistols. Death of the villain. Red fire. Curtain falls.

Audience escape.

W. L. C.

OF ALL the constant readers' the constant reader from Reader-ville is the proof-reader.

TRUTH is stranger than fiction. A report comes from the West that a plumber died out there and left his family destitute.

## FORCE OF HABIT.

He had been engaged to take the photograph of a corpse. He was a young man, and this was the first time that his services had been required for such a purpose.

He was naturally nervous, therefore, and had not become less so after an hour spent in propping up his rather stiff sitter in various positions, in the vain endeavor to secure a good light.

He finally got his camera properly aimed just as the steps began to resound beneath the feet of the gathering mourners.

There was not an instant to be lost, and, whipping out his watch, he removed the cap from the camera-tube, and said to his sitter:

"Now keep perfectly still for a few moments, please."

A WINTER RESORT—The Corner Nearest the Stove.

THE WORST of an epitaph is that, as a general thing, it is altogether too epitaphy.

THE ONLY time a clergyman doesn't preach economy from a hundred miles behind Wayback is when he is calling on the congregation to shell out to emancipate the church from the galling fetters of debt.

## LOVE'S SEASIDE OCCUPATION GONE.



The beach is strewn with hair-pins,  
Though prints of dainty heels  
Are washed out by the billow big  
That roars and ramps and reels.

Upon the chilly seashore  
Stands Cupid all alone,  
His quiver empty of its shafts,  
His darling victims flown.

Oh, where is Angelina?  
And where is rosy Rose?  
And where the youth that loved  
them both—  
The youth with striped hose?

Oh, where is gentle Gertie,  
Who wore the pretty boot?  
Whose recreant lover failed at last  
To press his tender suit?

A sad-voiced wind came sighing  
O'er sea-sands bare and brown,  
It said: "The whole caboodle has  
Gone back again to town.

"The man who discontinued  
His suit is feeling blue.  
She will not discontinue hers—  
Superior Court, Part II.

The city Cupid's precinct  
Holds Angie, Rose and Kate—"  
The country Cupid shivered sore,  
And wept his fallen state.

"Now, whether to go to Utah  
I really do not know,  
Or to travel gay upon the road  
With a Comic Opera Co."  
V. H. D., P. P.

## POLICE VOCABULARY.

CITIZENS.—Scum.  
SOME FRIENDS OF MINE.—  
Burglars.

WELL-KNOWN GENTLEMAN.  
—Political heeler.

IMPERTINENT MEDDLERS.—  
Newspaper reporters.

DANGEROUS CLASSES.—Fel-  
lows who won't divide.

DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.—  
Wouldn't stand a treat.

BLOCKING TRAFFIC.—Trying  
to walk across Broadway.

ENTITLED TO EARLY INFORM-  
ATION.—Gamblers and  
policy-men.

RESISTING AN OFFICER.—  
Running away from a po-  
liceman's club.

DESPERATE CHARACTER.—  
Feeble old man trying to  
collect a bill.

RAISING DISTURBANCE IN  
STREET.—Sitting silently  
on one's stoop.

DETECTIVE.—Policeman on  
holiday—blind, deaf and  
bereft of reason.

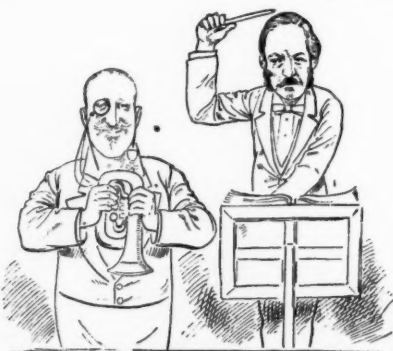
VALUABLE INFORMATION.—  
Knowing where the Com-  
missioners pass their eve-  
nings.

PROMINENT FIRM.—Estab-  
lishment paying police  
twenty-five dollars for stor-  
age privileges on pavement.

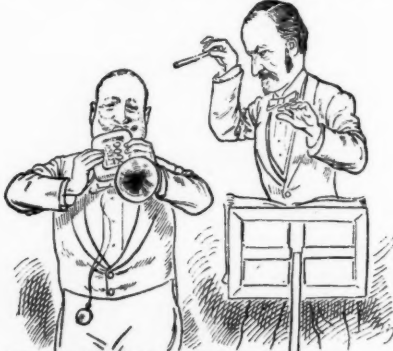
A CLUE.—Not the slightest  
idea who committed the  
crime, and discussing in a  
saloon the number of pug-  
ilists John L. Sullivan can  
knock out in four rounds.

## THE CORNET SOLO.

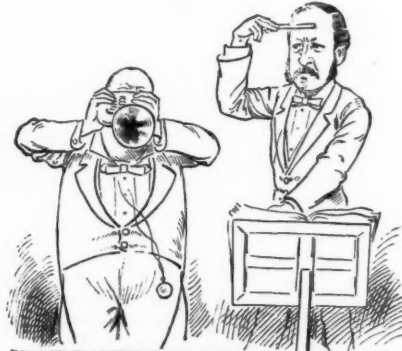
SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE SOLOIST THROUGH THE MAZES OF THE MUSIC.



READY.



GO!



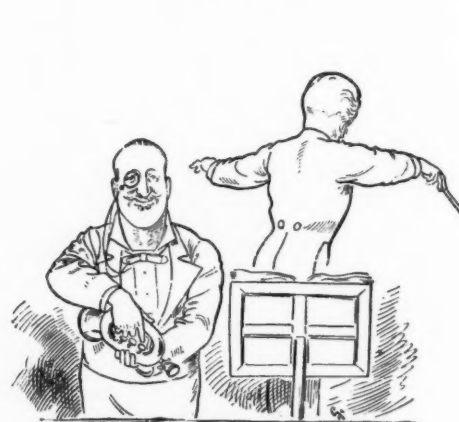
ANDANTE.



ALLEGRO.



SFORZANDO.



GOT THAR!



PUCK'S PICTORIAL PERSONALS.



IMPOSSIBLE TO MEET YOU ON THE BRIDGE THIS EVE.  
Yours, "STUCK."



GOLDIE.—My wife detained me.  
"BALDIE."

A SUMMER TOURIST.

"Where is your croquet-ground?"  
The landlord said I would find it in the front yard.

I came back to him and said I was unable to locate it.

He said:

"Did you see the wickets? If you really want to play croquet, an' no jokin', I will send down to the village and get some wooden balls for you. As for mallets, why, my children use the clothes-poles, and don't worry over it."

"Where are your fishing-grounds?"

"They are fifty-four miles from here as the crow flies; but if you really want to fish, you will be obliged to rise in the morning about two o'clock in order to reach the fishing-grounds. There is some good fishing down here in the pond. I have known people to catch suckers there by being patient. Patience is required to be a good angler."

"Where do you hunt in these parts?"

"In these parts most of the hunting is done by the sheriff; but if you really want to hunt, I advise you to go back in the hills about sixty-four miles and camp out. I will show you the way and furnish you the utensils. It won't cost you a great deal, and there might be some game up there."

"Well," I said: "give me a boat, and I will try a little rowing."

The landlord said:

"All right; but our oars are all busted. If you really want to row, why, here are some pine scantlings; I will saw them up into the proper length for oars. Rowing a few hours will strengthen your muscles to the required toughness, as you look like a delicate man."

"When is the next train due here for New York?"

"Five P. M."

W. L. C.

APROPOS.

When I went down to Sheephead Bay

She met me at the station,  
And put her little hand in mine  
In quite some agitation.

I took her home via the boat—  
The dark deck's fascination!

I put my arm around her waist—  
Delightful situation!

And at the door, about to leave,  
In happy inspiration,

I took her face between my hands—  
There was an osculation. N. KAY.

LET THE STREET-CAR COMPANIES UPHOLSTER THE  
ARMS OF THEIR CONDUCTORS—



IN ORDER TO MAKE THE INEVITABLE SQUEEZING PROCESS A LITTLE MORE  
AGREEABLE TO LADY PASSENGERS.

TWO POETS.

They were both poets and lovers of nature in all its varying moods. They could see ineffable beauty in a passing cloud, and find pretty similes in a tranquil ocean or in a pair of blue eyes peeping from beneath a profusion of dead-gold bangs.

"How all these tender and precious flowers of the Summer pass away from us when the rime of Autumn glitters on the pane!"

"True," replied the other poet: "Oh, that it were Summer all the year round, for Summer seems to me a season of love—a short, sweet span whose golden idles charms my languid soul and lights my dreams with chaste forgetfulness. But Winter is fierce and cold, and suggests nothing to me but desolation and death, while Summer seems the emblem of all that is delicious and soul-satisfying. When rich, sensuous wreaths of perfume rise from the dewy meadow at early morn, and the lark sings until lost in cloudland, then do I like to wander forth and commune with rosy Nature right upon rosy Nature's rosy lap. But I will walk ahead a bit, and you watch."

"Watch what?" inquired the other poet, in amazement.

"I will tell you: I sewed a scarlet patch on the dome of these my lilac trousers this morning, and I wish you to tell me whether or not my coat-tails shield it from the public gaze."

And when the watcher told his companion that the patch had burst forth upon his vision with all the sanguinary effulgence of a harvest moon, the bard determined to wear a pair of cobble-stones in the pockets of his coat-tails to hold them down as far as possible.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL —  
Broken Glass.

## THE WAY TO LOOK AT IT.



The hard-worked and poorly-paid private office-holder has to be thankful for what he gets—and that's very little.



While the over-paid and idle public office-holder demands a half-holiday every day—and it looks as if he would get it, in Brooklyn.

## STOCK STORY FOR COUNTRY TEMPERANCE LECTURERS.

The first time I saw William Perkins he was a smiling lad of eighteen. He was strong, erect, handsome. Upon his cheek there was the flush of health—in his eye the fire of a hearty ambition.

"Tell me," said I, six years later, to an acquaintance: "who is that pale, scrofulous, nervous-looking man standing in front of yonder restaurant?"

"It is William Perkins," was the reply.

"You must be mistaken," I said: "for the last time I saw him he was the incarnation of vigorous manhood. This man is a piteous wreck."

"Ah," exclaimed my friend: "you have not heard, then, the sad story of his downfall?"

"Downfall? No, I have not," I said: "Is it possible that this paragon has stooped so low—has so far forgotten himself as to—"

"It is even so," interrupted my friend: "William Perkins is confirmed in the hideous vice of buckwheat-cakes."

And then my friend told me the story—the old, old story, replete with sadness, reeking with misery—while I—I shuddered and listened.

You all know it; why repeat it now?

At a social party, under bright lights, with smiling faces around him, William Perkins, yielding to the intoxicating influences of the hour, had tasted his first buckwheat-cake. It seemed to invigorate him—to stimulate him. Alas, that the serpent did not turn and sting when first caught in the embrace of the heedless novice! But, ah, 'tis never so.

The pathway of the buckwheat-cakeard lies at first through gardens of roses, by the side of purling streams; it is over flowery meads that it gradually opens upon the black, bleak moor of mental anguish and physical torture. Perkins took another cake and then another. The next morning he arose pale and trembling. He sought a remedy for his weak condition in more cakes,

and before he had retired that night sixteen buckwheat-cakes combined to bind him in the fetters of the remorseless tyrant. His taste for cakes grew, till at last every penny he could scrape up was squandered on this appalling habit. He lost his situation. People feared to employ a man abandoned to such a vice. His family suffered for the necessities of life. He pawned his wife's jewelry, his young children's clothing and the household furniture to

secure means with which to buy buckwheat-cakes.

Honor, duty, home, family, friends—all seemed to be forgotten in his wild, insatiate craving for cakes, cakes, cakes!

"I will try to save this man," I said, and I stepped across the street to where Perkins was scratching his back against the restaurant door. I spoke kindly to him as he raised his pimply face to mine. I argued with him. I remonstrated.

"'Tis vain," he moaned: "I am broken out all over—'tis useless to attempt to save a man who has once become a victim to the buckwheat-cake habit."

I took him home with me and locked him up in a room. That night he had a fierce delirium. His insane fancy painted buckwheat-cakes crawling over the floor, twining themselves about his limbs, hissing at him and threatening him with their poisonous fangs. He plucked imaginary buckwheat-cakes from about his neck, tore them from his garments, swept them from the table, saw them everywhere, lowering, threatening, appalling. Oh, my friends, could you but have seen him writhing there and heard him mingling his piteous shrieks with prayers and curses, not one of you to-day would have the utterly reckless hardihood to say:

"'Tis a harmless thing—this indulgence in cakes."

How we saved him I know not; but this I know, that after days and weeks of confinement and watching and encouragement and kindly advice, we led William Perkins from that room a reformed man.

"My dear sir," said he: "how can I ever thank you?"

"By promising me never to touch buckwheats again," said I.

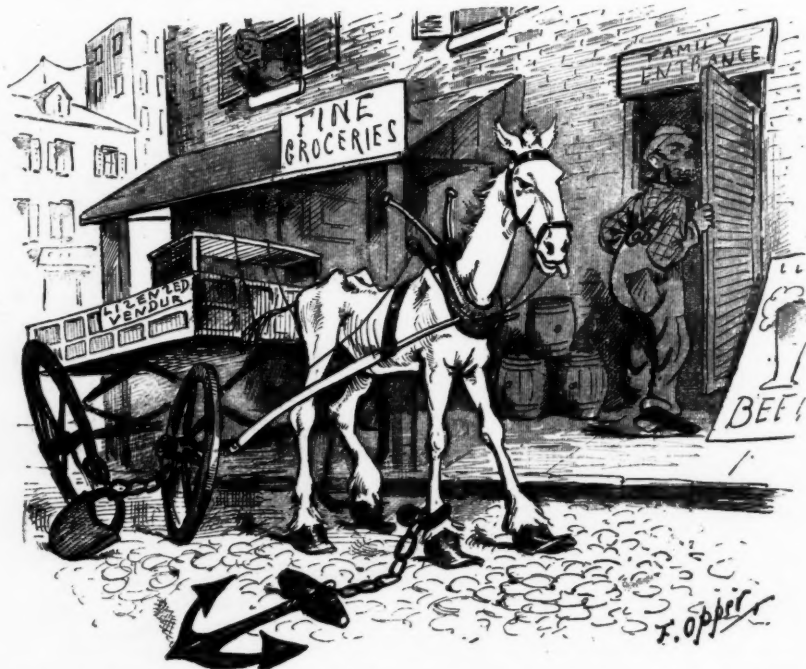
"I swear it to you!" said he, fervently.

And he kept his word. I saw William Perkins to-day. He is a changed man. He is cashier in one of your banks—rich, prosperous, happy. His step is elastic, his cheek rosy, his form erect, his voice manly and his eye clear and steady.

"I feel like myself once more," said he: "I have not tasted buckwheat-cakes in two years."

EUGENE FIELD.

## THE LONG HEAD OF MR. SCULLY.



MR. SCULLY (licensed vender).—"Sure, 'tis for the safety of the populace I do it; the baste is that nervous an' high-strung that the noise from the Elevated road has him crazy."



TO A POLICEMAN.

In fair chambers of the sunlit morn,  
Where all the changeable hours are born,  
And bright dreams their natal time adorn—  
Thou clubbest!

'Mid splendors of the noontide hour,  
When droopeth every jaded flower,  
And Phœbus reigns in might and power—  
Thou clubbest!

In silent spaces of the night,  
When stars are twinkling mildly bright,  
And lovers linger in delight—  
Thou clubbest!

Some day, when Time his course hath sped,  
When all the stir of life hath fled,  
And e'en the wreck of worlds is dead—  
They'll club thee!

W. J. HENDERSON.

IN A DAIRY.

"Excuse me," he said to the girl in the army-blue dress with the lavender bows: "I would not for the world interrupt you or disturb your gracious equanimity; but I feel it incumbent upon me to remark that although your hair is undoubtedly of that rich warm golden hue with tender auburn shades in it that poets have loved to sing and painters have made a specialty of limning, yet that is not bringing me that cold oatmeal and milk and a glass of cream and two Graham rolls that I asked you for about half an hour ago."

"No," he said: "you are entirely mistaken. I do not mean to insult you. Homage to beauty is never an insult. It is one of the purest outpourings of the natural heart; and if I call your attention to the fact that you have a shell-like ear which even the purest diamond pendant from the mines of Golconda would but mar, it is only that I may the better incline that beautiful organ to listen to my plaintive moan for one cold oatmeal and milk, one glass of cream and two Graham rolls—"

"I was just thinking," he said: "that those eyes of yours, in their blue and crystalline depths, hold something of the mysterious secret of the sea, and that if I had time I would hire a seat for the day and a telescope and bask in

their pure translucency until my soul melted away in a cerulean bliss. But at present I have leisure only to call your attention to the fact that the hot wheaten grits and strawberry-shortcake with which you have furnished me cannot readily be regarded in the light of one cold oatmeal and milk, a glass of cream and two Graham rolls."

"Do you know," he said: "that you have a mole on your chin which most effectively sets off the pure alabaster of your complexion, and may be called an ornament to the basement of your face? The famous Madame de Pompadour had a mole like that, only not so well situated. Its beauty was frequently remarked on in the court of Louis the Fourteenth. And yet I will wager all I have of the red, red gold that if Madame de Pompadour had taken the contract to furnish me with my modest midday meal, she wouldn't have kept me waiting three quarters of an hour and then brought me a piece of pie and a cup of tea for one cold oatmeal and milk, a glass of cream and two Graham rolls."

"Your voice is most wondrous sweet," he said: "it is not like most women's voices which I hear—the limp, languid, lily voices which the

BETTER THAN NOTHING.



SUCCESSFUL BELLE.—"He's not grand, but some of the girls at the beach didn't get any."

Metropolitan Telephone Company posts at New, Spring, Pearl and its other street-stations; but those ancient damosels are kinder to me than you, cruel beauty. And when I shout: 'Why on earth can't you connect 786 Law with 41,144 21st St.?' they answer blandly: 'We ain't got no such number.' Now, why can't you say—even be ungrammatical, to ease my suspense—say: 'We ain't got no cold oatmeal and milk, one glass of cream and two Graham rolls?'"

"'Tis true," he said: "that little hand of yours, with taper fingers rose-tipped like Aurora, is a credit to the establishment, and is also well worth an emperor's ransom. There is something infinitely graceful about it, even when you use it to slap down a chilly, corpse-like slab of rice and a cup of coffee; and for the sake of that hand I will eat the rice and drink the coffee, and try to make believe that they are a cold oatmeal and a glass of cream and two Graham rolls."

"No," he said to the cashier, as he paid his check on his way out of the dairy: "I admire beauty—no one admires beauty more than I do; but if you think that beautiful young ladies who are too proud to serve the casual customer are either an attraction to a dairy or a substitute for a square meal, you are mistaken. Beauty is a wonderful thing. It has led some of the world's greatest heroes in flowery fetters; but it isn't one cold oatmeal, a glass of cream and two Graham rolls. Good p. m."

And he lit out.

The "lovely gems" which Puck rejects  
Are ne'er returned with best respects;  
But what may chance to suit his ends  
He prints for half a million friends.

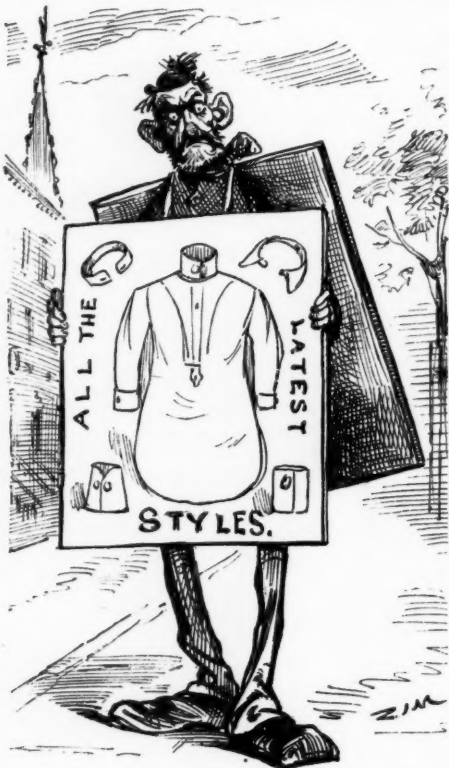
THIS IS NOT AN OLD-FASHIONED CIRCUS-POSTER—



—IT IS SIMPLY THE USUAL WAY OF ANNOUNCING A NEW PIECE AT ONE OF OUR METROPOLITAN THEATRES.

## THE "SANDWICH."

HIS REFLECTIONS ON COMPARATIVE GREATNESS.



Some people are sure to rise. Take Bucky McCann, for example. He once boarded at the Italian one-cent restaurant in Pearl Street. He now boards at the Jim Fisk. Formerly he rode to work each day on a coal-wagon, a truck—an ash-cart. He now wheels up-town every morning on one of Vanderbilt's freight-cars. Once the Battery was select enough for him to walk in. He now loiters in Tompkins Square. Sunny afternoons see him sauntering down Broadway, a connoisseur, looking at the pictures in the shop-windows, and comparing one picture-shop window with another, as if they were Dresden and Munich, Florence and Rome.

Often I see my old friend ride by, with four horses drawing the freight-car, as if it were a Tally-Ho. He sits on the break, wearing a button-hole bouquet; the coachman below drives the horses. At times he occupies the whole top of the freight-car, as a railway magnate does the interior of a palace-car when he travels about. Bucky McCann does not bow as he glides by. He has forgotten me. And we used to tramp together in the rain, and when he was

tired I carried his sandwich instead of mine. I board at the one-cent restaurant; he dines at the Jim Fisk!

I quiet my hunger with a two-cent devilled kidney. He enjoys an eight-cent beef-stew fit for a king. He indulges his palate with six-cent "picked-up codfish." I am content with a penny potato-ball. Where may Bucky McCann stop in his high career? Whither will his gilded chariot roll? Is it too much to say that he sees Hitchcock's in the golden future?

I have seen Hitchcock's only from across the way. I have said that I would take a half-holiday some rainy afternoon, when street-advertising was depressed by the weather, and go up and look in at the window. Such splendor would dazzle me! I might be embarrassed by it. Perhaps it would make me miserable.

I had a friend who met with sudden luck and went to Hitchcock's. He could not stand the prosperity. It drove him to drink. I remember how he rushed out of Hitchcock's and down into Mulberry Street and drank. His brain was in a whirl. He was elated. Hitchcock's was like a dream to him.

I, myself—I have dined at the Jim Fisk. You wouldn't believe it to look at me. I was younger then—more prosperous—somewhat reckless. It was extravagant. It was high. But it was elegant and substantial. Such style! How great a multitude of waiters! What an infinite variety of dishes! The air redolent of crisp cabbage and ruddy corned-beef; musical with "Three out!" and "Coffee-in-the-dark!" I may never forget it. It was a thing to happen once in my life. Excuse me this excitement.

Swell guest of the Jim Fisk, gay saunterer in Tompkins Square, be not too proud! You may not always be free of care. It was a proud day for one of my friends when he left park bench No. 26, where he had slept all Winter, to have a room in a ten-cent lodging-house. I did not see him till two years after—then in the street, at midnight. There he stood, long-haired, haggard, restless, desolate. Never have I seen such a look of agony in another human face. It was that unutterable look of homelessness. The lodging-house had closed up.

What glory had Tim McSherry when he stood on the great stage of Booth's Theatre, before a vast and enthusiastic audience, a Roman citizen in the Forum! What a plaything—a mere toy—made he of Marc Antony! Now he jeered, now encouraged him. His feet seemed planted on the histrionic heights. Fleeting greatness! Three nights later he carried his lance out of line in "Othello." His engagement was canceled, his day of glory was over.

When Tom McNickle "struck" a dollar and a half on a double-gig at policy, was there a

## "BUZNESS IS BUZNESS."



SCHMOOL.—"Vell, Itzig, how you vos?"

ITZIG (weeping).—"Ach, Schmoool, I'm all broken up. My vife she's dead, my fader is very sick und peesness is no goot..... Ovgscuse me, Schmoool, is dot a real diamond?"

prouder man in New York? Ah, the banquet at the Italian restaurant! The courses! The wine! The toasts! Tom McNickle paying the score. Fifteen cents handed the cashier as if money were water, and Tom McNickle had a reservoir of it! How many of us remember the box at Aberle's; the peanuts between the acts; the lunch at the ginger-bread woman's stand after the play. How confident McNickle felt that day! Did his wealth last? A week later the millionaire McNickle moved slowly and soberly up Fifth Avenue, "striking" the brown-stone fronts for pie.

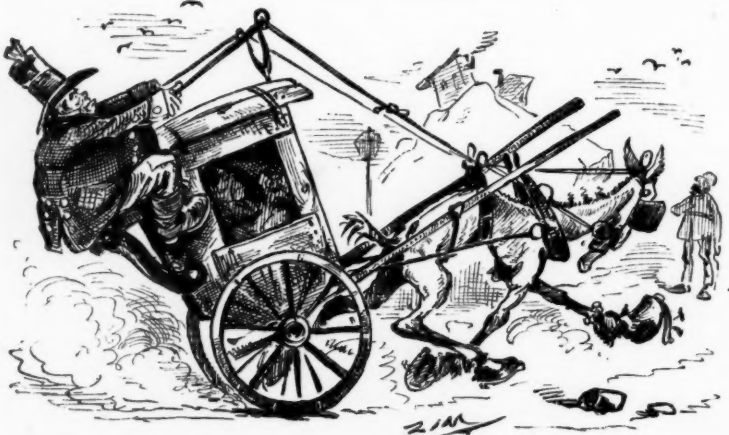
Thus the man in the sandwich sign talked of his little world.

How far is it from the Battery to Tompkins Square?

About as far as from a country law-office to Congress; from a journeyman tailor to a merchant tailor; an operative to a mill-owner; a workman to a capitalist. Yet do many merchant tailors, mill-owners, capitalists and Congressmen ride through their little world as proud as the tramp on the freight-car; and, what is more painful, their neighbors are as much overcome with awe as the man in the "sandwich."

L. H. TUPPER.

## EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.



"Hansom Keb, is it? Cab Company stoyle, is it? I'm there, Mickey. Sure I just cut the front wheels aff th' ould coupé, an' here y' are—reg'lar London stoyle!"

## IT BEATS LAWN-TENNIS.



THIS IS THE NEW GAME AMONG THE SEASIDE HOTEL WAITERS, CALLED "CHUCKING THE PLATE."



GOLDEN GRAINS.

—The small things in this world are often the most colossal. A hornet is not as large as an elephant, but he is harder to get away from. A banana-skin is not as large as a skating-pond, but it can hur! you on your head in a fiftieth of the time.

—An actress may be as great as Rachel, and still fail as a public attraction, because she has n't the necessary diamonds to be grabbed on the street.

—Never kick a dog with whom you are not on terms of personal intimacy.

—A hat on the head is worth half-a-dozen in the store.

—A big bank account is better than friendship.

—You cannot open an oyster with a night-key.

HIS OWN LITTLE IDEA.



OLD HIGHROLLER'S FRIENDS NEVER COULD UNDERSTAND WHY HE ALWAYS CARRIED THOSE PILLOWS WITH HIM WHEN HE WAS OUT OF AN EVENING—

INSECT POWDER.

—The bulbul swings on the ghar-ghum bush, and the poet carols more sweetly than the bulbul; but the poet cannot warble an exhausted free-lunch route into life again, all the same.

—Saadi, the poet, carried a Mackinnon pen in the folds of his turban; but, until he knew how to spell, it availed him little.

—The rosebuds fall from the bush, and the goat eats them up. But the poet cannot eat his own poems.

—The wise young man of New York wears an eight-dollar dicer; but Plato went bald-headed.

—The breath of fame is but as dust; but oblivion is solid mud.

—Last year's ulster is lined with good intentions.

IMPORTANT FOREIGN NEWS.

DENMARK.—A terrible tragedy has been enacted at Elsinore. It seems that the widow of the late Thomas P. Hamlet married her husband's brother, James Q. Hamlet. This so annoyed her son, Colonel Hamlet, that he took to hard drink, and, in a fit of delirium tremens, declared he saw the ghost of his father, the late Thomas P., and that the ghost informed him that his father had been murdered by James Q. Colonel Hamlet had been affianced for some time to Miss Ophelia Polonius, daughter of Judge Polonius, of the Supreme Court of Denmark.

Colonel Hamlet imagined he had heard a mouse behind a screen, and, seizing a carving-knife from the dinner-table, plunged it into the screen, behind which Judge Polonius was concealed, to keep Colonel Hamlet from mischief. Judge Polonius was killed by the knife. An evening or so afterward, at some private theatricals, Colonel Hamlet behaved so rudely that his mother, uncle and Miss Ophelia Polonius were compelled to leave the room. Colonel Hamlet's conduct so preyed upon Miss Ophelia that she drowned herself. At her burial Colonel Hamlet jumped into the grave, and her brother following him, a most unseemly fight took place, resulting in the two drawing knives and stabbing each other, and, just before dropping, Colonel Hamlet stabbing his uncle, James Q. Hamlet.

All three died.

JOSEPH COLE, of Burnsville, Ga., gave some tobacco to an elephant, and it killed him. No, this is not a wonderful instance of the baneful effects which inevitably follow the use of the soul-destroying weed. We meant to say that the elephant killed Joseph.



BUT IF THEY COULD HAVE SEEN HIM GOING UP-STAIRS AFTER HE GOT HOME, THE MYSTERY WOULD HAVE BEEN SOLVED.

THE SINNER'S TRIUMPH.

He was kneeling in the pew,  
Struggling, grunting, groaning, too,  
When the ever-watchful pastor came on tip-toes down the aisle;  
And then, kneeling by his side,  
"Help this sinner, Lord!" he cried:  
"To find the blessed Comforter and make the angels smile."

And the sinner's face, which blazed  
From exertion, quick was raised;  
"Keep up the wrestle, brother," urged the pastor: "nor despair—  
Hallelujah! Let us pray—  
Have you found it? Brother, say!"  
"Yes, I've got it," said the sinner, as he picked up something there.

"Glory! Here's another soul  
That has found salvation's goal!"  
Shouted loudly then the pastor: "Brother, tell them what you've found."  
Then the guileless stranger rose,  
And with triumph did expose  
The paper of tobacco he had dropped upon the ground.

H. C. DODGE.

A MORNING PAPER.

Sometimes a man throws his morning paper down on the seat, and leaves the car. Each man that has no paper wants it, and each man would grab it, if alone and unobserved. The man who appears to be looking out of a window in the opposite direction is the man who sees that paper more distinctly than any one else. And he being the man who seems least interested in it, is really the man who wants it most. As soon as that paper is thrown down it becomes an object of interest. The man who never buys or reads a paper wants it, and wants it badly. The man sitting next to it looks straight ahead, and doesn't seem to know anything about it. But he is just quivering with excitement. He is wrought up to the highest pitch, and is prepared to grab for that paper just as soon as the man on the other side of it makes a similar attempt. Just at this period a man sitting opposite the paper gives it a sharp excited look, as though he has seen his name printed wrong. Then he gives another sharp look, and his eyes snap with excitement, and he reaches over and picks the paper up to see if he is right. You can tell by the way he handles it that he never paid for it; and he gradually gets it up in front of his face, and turns it at intervals, and is as much at home with it as though it is his own. And the other men look at him sourly, and silently condemn him as being largely porcine in his nature.

HE is the greatest artist alive, and the one courted most by society, who can carelessly drop a lot of marking-ink on a piece of card-board, and, after drawing a whisk-broom across it, call it a symphony of twilight and sell it for ten thousand dollars.

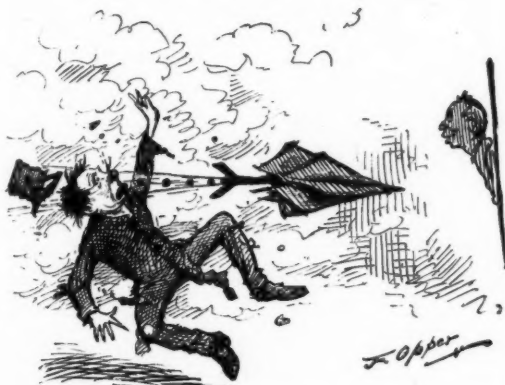




EDISON'S LATEST.



IT LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY UMBRELLA—



BUT IS KNOWN AS THE "PATENT EXPLOSIVE NON-STEALABLE UMBRELLA."

CRUSHED.

It is the old, old story of disappointed ambition, of frustrated hopes, of a promising professional career nipped in the bud.

X. was one of the brilliant lights that graced the criminal circles of Y—. Distinguished far above even that splendid coterie that used to gather mornings in the municipal court, and which not infrequently entertained some of the most eminent representatives of the bench and bar, he was known far and wide in police and other circles as the leading pickpocket of the day or night.

Distinguished from his boyhood by a singular manual dexterity, he found himself, at the age of nineteen, in a position to which but few of the veterans of his craft had attained after a life-time of professional toil. Such was the eminence from which it was X.'s hard fate to fall in the heyday—whatever that may be—of his youth and the full vigor of his remarkable powers.

He was one day engaged in professionally investigating the coat-tail pocket of an extremely obese gentleman. He was doing the job up in the very highest style of his art, when the fat gentleman suddenly sat down hard, instantly crushing the dexterous hand that had promised so much into a shapeless mass.

X. never swooned nor uttered a cry. He only gazed regretfully at the injured member, and remarked:

"—!!!!?????"

Adding, after a short pause:

"—!!!!"

This was virtually the end of his professional career. Though unfavorably known to the police for some time afterward, the old-time skill had departed; and he gradually sank into obscurity, and finally died of juridical strangulation at an early age.

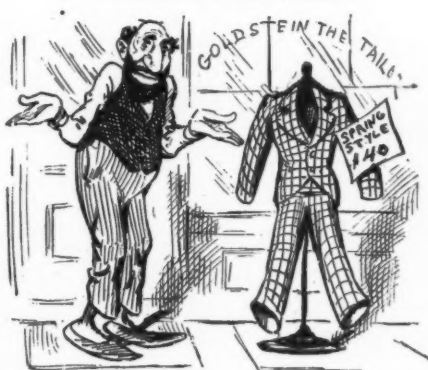
—From "Anecdotes of Celebrated Men," edited by F. E. CHASE.

NEW SHOES.

Why is that man so happy?  
Why, because his shoes are so large  
That the gamin is filled with laughter  
As he calls each shoe a barge.

But why is yon damsel happy—  
So full of sunshine and laugh?  
Why, because her feet are sevens,  
And her shoes are two-and-a-half.

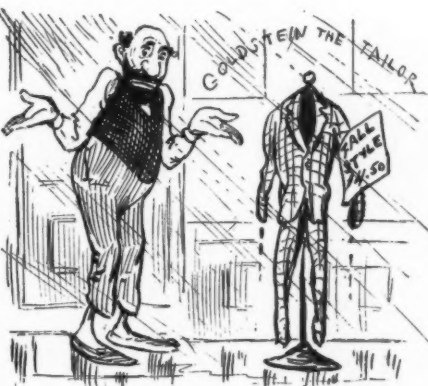
THE FOUR SEASONS.



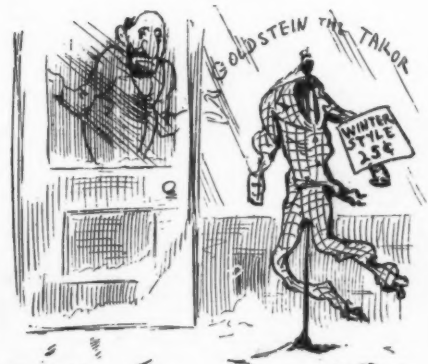
SPRING.



SUMMER.



AUTUMN.



WINTER.

THE SEASON'S END.



ELIGIBLE PARTY.—"Ha! ha!! None of those fortune-hunting syrens of the seaside could freeze onto me!"

PUCKERINGS.

WE HAVE had a "Turkish Patrol," an "Irish Patrol," an "American Patrol." Now it is about time for an "Insurance Patrol."

SIR W. THOMPSON states that, according to Newton's theory, the moon is always falling toward the earth, and asks why it does not come down, and could it always be falling and not come down? This anomalous condition of things often puzzles Free Masons when they are endeavoring to steer themselves home after a lodge-meeting.

No, we do not think woman should be allowed to vote or take a hand in politics. As soon as she is allowed this privilege, she will begin to bet hats on elections, and, as women's hats cost anything from twenty to one hundred dollars, it would be rough on the husband who'd have to pay for them. This is one reason why we do not believe in women voting. Another is that they would talk so much on the line about Hamburg edging, Charlotte Russe and other things, that it wouldn't give a man a chance to collect his thoughts. And then she would plant herself in front of the polls, and screen the whole business, including the clerk, from view with her Gainsborough hat. And, come to think of it, we do not think that women will ever care so much about voting, because in order to do it they would have to state their ages, and, when challenged, would be obliged to own up under oath to at least a twenty-one-years' sojourn on this gay and festive planet.

## THE EMANCIPATED FEMALE.—SEVERAL QUERIES ADDRESSED TO HER.



O Emancipated Female,  
In the days that are to come,  
Will you get upon your muscle  
And make all creation hum?



Will you cultivate the morals  
Of the tardy evening lark,  
And "do" the "masher toddle"  
In the paths of Central Park?



Will you spend the evening gaily,  
Till the early sunshine winks,  
In the palace of Gambrinus,  
Playing vulgar "pool for drinks"?



In the days emancipated  
Will you squirt tobacco-juice,  
A-loading on the corners  
Like a Venus on the loose?

*Le Petit Chat et Son Père.*

Once upon a time a Kitten was playing with its Father, when a Rat appeared and was quickly disposed of by the elder Feline. On the following day, when the Kitten was alone, another Rat appeared—an old Offender that was gray and thoughtful. The Kitten immediately sprang upon the Rat, who grabbed it by the neck and Hammered the floor so hard with it that the Kitten thought it was trying to quell a free fight at a Democratic Primary, and, when it escaped, it went into a mourning Poultrice, and therein remained for a week.

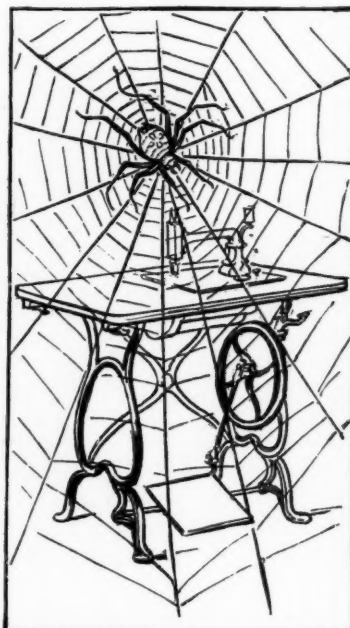
This Fable teaches us how Fortune doesn't smile on the smart young man who tries to put on as much style as his Father without his Father's experience.

R. K. M.

LITERARY NOTES.—"Inclosed please find a poem."—"We herewith return your poem."



Will you come home in the morning,  
When the air is damp and chill,  
And go fumbling for a key-hole  
That refuses to stay still?



O Emancipated Female,  
You may do these things, indeed;  
But we fear it isn't sewing  
That has planted such a seed.

*The Venerable Gorilla.*

As a pert Paragrapher was cracking an old joke on the Darwinian theory he was interrupted by a Venerable Gorilla.

"I can prove to your Satisfaction," said the venerable Gorilla: "that Darwin is in error. He has the Pig by the wrong Ear. The Monkey has been, in fact, evolved from the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel."

"In that case," said the pert Paragrapher: "you are doubtless a Member of the tribe of Simian."

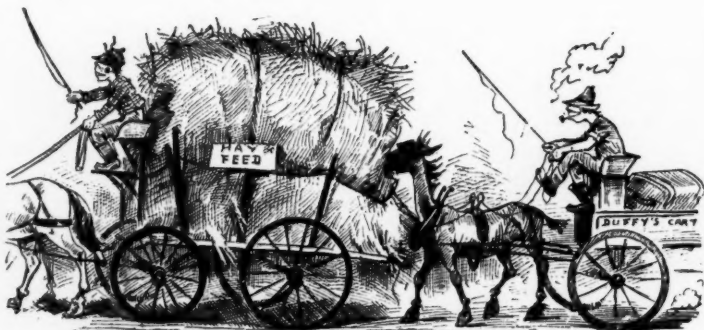
At this outrage the Venerable Gorilla got his Monkey up, and, making a sudden Wrench, he smote the pert Paragrapher with it, and there is now a Vacancy in the Paragraphers' Association.

MORAL: In Gorilla warfare a retrograde Concentration is often best.

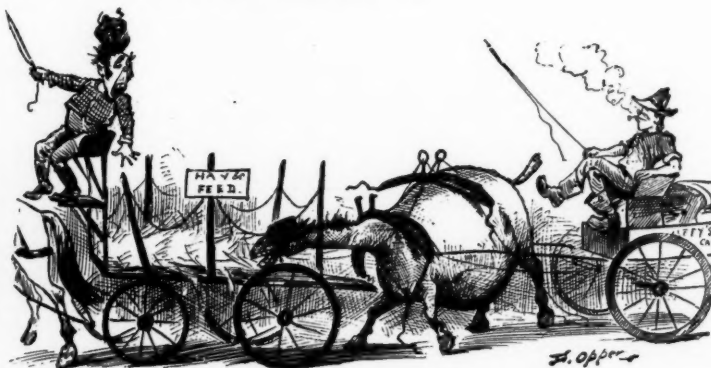
A. Z.

A HOWLING SUCCESS.—The Dog that is Locked Out All Night Next Door.

## THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.



AT FOURTEENTH STREET.



AT CANAL STREET.



CAPER TRIUMPHANS.

The goat stood by the bill-board,  
And he tore a yard or so  
From the gaily-colored bills which were  
To advertise the show.  
And as he chewed reflective,  
With a quiet, soulful joy,  
Another personage appeared—  
An unsuspecting boy.

He did not see the animal  
Which rampant doth appear  
With fore-feet on the oaken keg  
Which holds the Springtide beer;  
But he gazed upon the posters,  
And his young heart filled with glee,  
For his means would gain him entrance  
To the upper gallery.

The capricorn, however,  
Saw the boy, and straightway he  
Left his meal and hied him thitherward  
With great velocity.  
The boy went through the bill-board,  
But the goat, unmoved by that,  
With placid mien stood still and ate  
The boy's abandoned hat.

S. H. H.

DEEP DIPLOMACY.



FOND MOTHER.—“Are you better, my dear?”  
LITTLE EFFIE.—“I dunno—is the jelly all gone?”  
FOND MOTHER.—“Yes.”  
LITTLE EFFIE.—“Well, I'm well enough to get up, then.”

HORACE—OD. I,—8.

Pray tell me, Queen of Opera-Bouffe,  
What charm thou hast, to hold aloof  
Our gilded youth from manly sport,  
And bind him captive to thy court?  
Why does he now no longer drive  
The Harlem mile in twenty-five?  
Why is his gray-clad form no more  
Seen in the gallant Seventh corps?  
Why does his polo-pony chase  
The ball no more at lightning pace?  
Why is the shell now laid aside  
In which he skimmed o'er Harlem's tide?  
The “willow” he no longer wields,  
His “bats” are now in other fields,  
His “Wright & Ditson” untouched lies,  
To other “rackets” now he flies.  
The Creedmoor ranges no more hear  
The ping of well-aimed leaden sphere.  
Why does he, when the play is o'er,  
Still linger at the charmed door,  
Where mighty dudes and mashers rally  
To watch the exit of the ballet?  
Why? Oh, why?

*Les Articles rejétés, Monsieur PUCK*  
Playfully passes to the wild woodchuck.

OUR INCONSISTENT FRIEND, THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.



AT HOME—“Striking” the Congregation for an Increase of Salary.

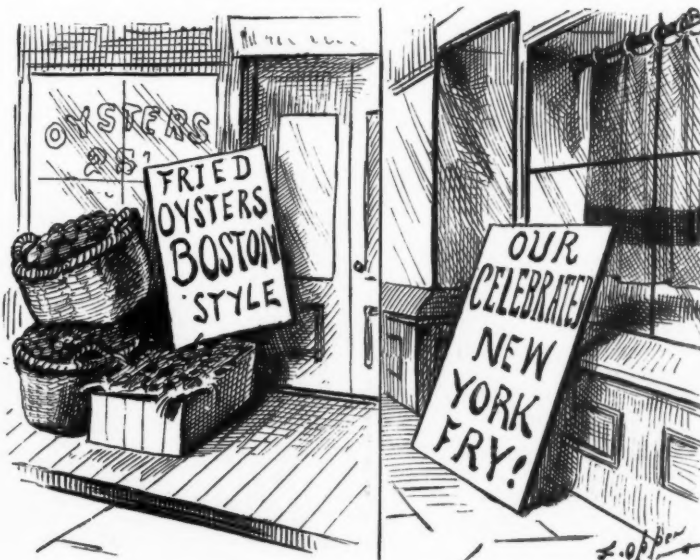


IN THE CITY—Getting Struck Very Hard by the Confidence-Men.

AN EDITOR'S FORBEARANCE.

The editor of a railway journal  
was recently brought before a  
Police Justice, charged with hav-  
ing thrown a large ink-stand, two  
ten-pound paper-weights and sun-  
dry other missiles at the head of  
a visitor to his office, inflicting  
painful injuries. It appears that  
the person assaulted was the in-  
ventor of an automatic car-coup-  
ler, and had called on the editor  
for the purpose of exhibiting a  
model of his device and explain-  
ing its operation. On learning  
this fact the magistrate declined  
to hear any further testimony, and  
fined the complainant one thou-  
sand dollars; observing that it  
gave him pleasure to recognize in  
the conduct of the journalist on  
the occasion referred to an ex-  
ample of forbearance under sin-  
gularly exasperating circum-  
stances which he believed to be  
almost without a parallel.

MUTUAL ADMIRATION.



IN NEW YORK.

IN BOSTON.

TWO FOR A QUARTER.

He was smoking a fine full-  
flavored Havana when he met his  
friend.

“Have a cigar?” he inquired  
politely.

“Thanks,” said the other,  
gratefully, taking and lighting the  
proffered weed.

After a few experimental puffs,  
however, the friend removed the  
cigar from his lips, and looking  
at it doubtfully, said, with a very  
evident abatement of gratitude in  
his tone:

“What do you pay for these  
cigars?”

“Two for a quarter,” replied  
the original proprietor of both  
weeds, taking his own cigar out  
of his mouth and looking at it  
with considerable satisfaction:  
“This cost me twenty cents and  
that five.”

The conversation languished  
at this point. F. E. C.

## ONE GUM.

In the Fall the average man goes through the closets, trunks, boxes and barrels to find his last year's overshoes. After he has been looking around for some time he finds one shoe, and then he is comparatively happy, because he imagines the other one is somewhere near by. So he redoubles his efforts, and turns everything over again, and feels happy because he hasn't got to go and purchase a new pair. Just then his little boy, who is about eight years old, and too innocent to keep still, states that his brother, a boy of twelve, cut the overshoe into strips and wound it into a ball, and put it inside of a home-made base-ball to make it bounce. Then the father grabs the larger boy, and hammers him with a boot so well that when he gets through the boot is about ready to be half-soled. But while he is out buying a new pair of overshoes, that boy who has been thrashed coaxes his brother off into a quiet place, and hammers the life half out of him for telling on him. And the next time the old gentleman is hunting for an odd overshoe that little boy will keep still, and, when questioned, say he knows nothing about it, whether he does or not.

MAN MAY want but little here below, but he makes a great disturbance if he doesn't get everything.

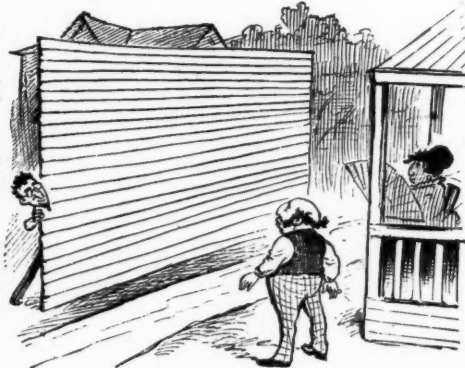


## THE ROSENBLATT-BLUMENTHAL AFFAIR.

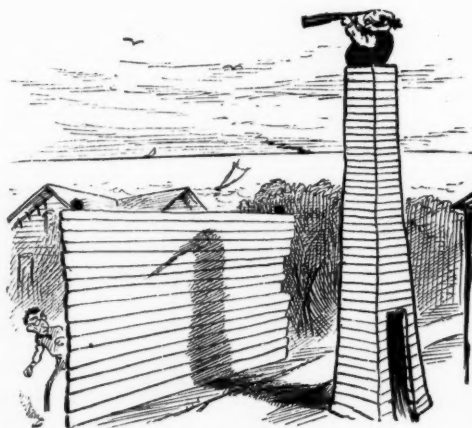
A THRILLING TRAGEDY—HOW IT BEGAN AND HOW IT ENDED.



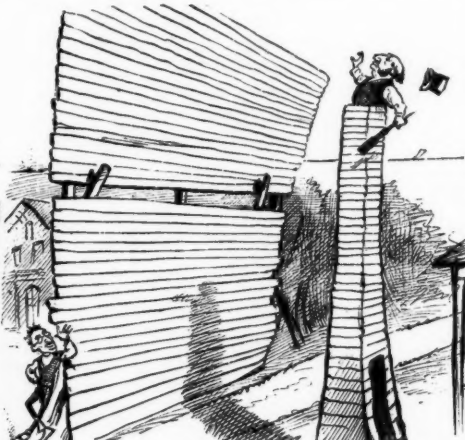
They own cottages by the sea. Rosenblatt's was nearer the water. They quarreled.



Rosenblatt's malice. He builds a wall: "Ah, ha, Blumenthal! you don't can look by dot ocean some more!"



Blumenthal's triumph; he builds a tower: "Ah, ha, Rosenblatt! Vot you dinks von dot observatory, eh?"



Renewed malice of Rosenblatt; he adds a story to his wall: "Ah, ha, Blumenthal! How you like dot view von dem oceans now, eh?"



It might have ended in blood if a cyclone hadn't come along and blown down both the wall and the observatory.



Friends once more. "Dose expenses must been terrible von builgin' dot wall, Mr. Rosenblatt?" "Und dot tower must cost somedings, too, Mr. Blumenthal?"

## PUCK'S PLAN.

An exchange is telling the public "How to Make Home Happy"; but it doesn't prescribe, in our opinion, the proper plan. The right way to make home happy is to cover the floor with Turkish rugs and the walls with expensive oil-paintings, and have the cellar judiciously filled with choice wines of various kinds. Then it is necessary, if you want to do the thing up right, to have three or four horses, and a village-cart, and a phaeton, and several colored servants to bear up the cards of callers on a silver salver. An upright piano should stand in one corner of the room, with a guitar slung carelessly across it, as though accidentally dropped there by an angel. Then there should be some handsome easy-chairs into which you can sink a couple of yards and go to sleep. The way to make home happy is to make it so that you fancy yourself a lotus-eater while you are there.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL—The Boot that is Flying Catward.

A STEEPLE-CHASE—The Clergyman Chasing His Congregation for Shekels to Raise the Church Mortgage.

It is stated by an authority that carrots make a horse's coat glossy. But men are not horses, and young men with fifteen-dollar Prince Albert coats should not eat carrots.

## THE REASON WHY.

'Twas not for your fairy-like figure,  
Nor yet for your angel-like face;  
'Twas not for your title of heiress,  
Nor yet for your exquisite grace.

'Twas not for those meaningless whispers  
That fell with such musical sound,  
Nor because of the envious glances  
Of wall-flowers and mashers around.

'Twas not for the "form" of your waltzing,  
Nor gleam in your dangerous eye;  
Such charms I could quickly relinquish  
Without e'er a pang or a sigh.

For none of these things I adored you—  
Though all of an unsurpassed type—  
But 'twas for the hair-pin you gave me  
When parting to clean out my pipe.

C. J. H. CASSELLS.

## PHILOPCENA.

## I.

We walked adown the spring-clad lane—  
The winds were vague and vernal;  
We split the almond-shell in twain,  
And ate its double kernel.  
She crushed within her hand the sweet  
Pungent-perfumed verberna—  
"Who first says 'Yes,' when next we meet,"  
Quoth she: "pays Philopœna."

## II.

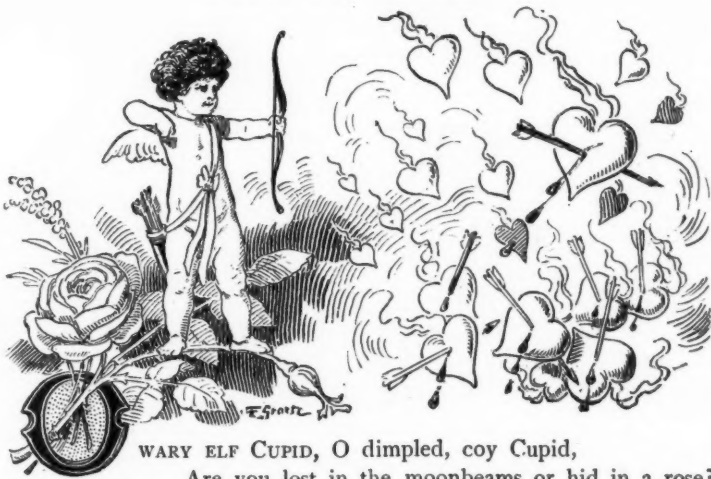
The Fall had dropped its frosty dews;  
The leaves of gold and crimson  
Were taking on such soberer hues  
As skies the sunset dims on.  
We walked the lane, now bleak and bare,  
I and my Augustina;  
And she said "Yes," and, then and there,  
She paid her Philopœna.

PAT O'HARA.



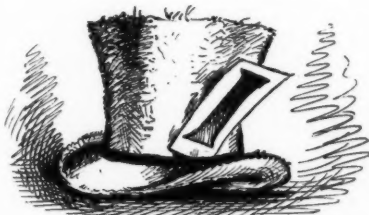


SONG TO CUPID.



WARY ELF CUPID, O dimpled, coy Cupid,  
Are you lost in the moonbeams or hid in a rose?  
Who saw you, so nimble, slip out of a thimble,  
And hang from the loops of a lily-maid's bows?  
Wee, spry little midget, the world's in a fidget  
To snare and then coddle you, mischievous sprite;  
Your pranks and mad gambols and primrose-path rambles  
'Mid briars and brambles are all my delight.  
In ivy-clad bowers you nestle for hours,  
And lurk in the flowers that swing in the breeze;  
There counting the kisses—the "slippery blisses"—  
Of Strephon and Phyllis in languorous ease.  
We trifle and putter, our hearts in a flutter,  
In a tangled skein spun by the toiletted fair,  
The weary hours whiling, and dull care beguiling—  
Lo! dimpled and smiling, you're loitering there!  
O wary elf Cupid, O cunning, coy Cupid,  
Are lovers all stupid, dear, rollicking boy?  
While maidens are sighing, and love-knots are tying,  
The snap of your bow-string bodes sorrow and joy!

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.



FILM'S FORETHOUGHT.

A TALE OF TWO TILES.

Forethought were a crime, Film ought to have been in the penitentiary. He was met one day by a friend coming out of a hat-store with a silk hat in each

hand. They were new hats in that they had never been worn, but their style was B. C.

"New hat?" queried friend.

"M-m," replied Film, pleasantly.

"What are you going to do with two?" pursued friend.

"Never you mind," said Film, smoothing down the nap of one.

"Style's all wrong, you know," advised his critic: "Way off. Guess you've got stuck, haven't you?"

"That's all right," answered Film, with resentful brevity.

"What size do you wear, anyhow?" continued the other, examining the hats: "Because one of these is a six-and-a-quarter and the other is an eight. You can't wear 'em both, you know."

"That's all right," repeated the proprietor of the hats, coldly.

"Didn't pay full price for 'em, did you?"

"Yes."

"P'raps they have a historical value—relic of the late General Washington, and all that sort of thing. Eh?"

"Naw, they haven't," rejoined Film, with some show of temper.

"Well, what in thunder do you want 'em for?" inquired his friend.

"What do I want 'em for?" bawled Film, banging the hats together in a perfect frenzy of irritation: "Don't you suppose a feller ever thinks of anybody but himself? Haven't you any idea of a chap's lookin' out for his family?"

"But you haven't got any family," objected the other.

"Oh, haven't I?" roared Film: "P'raps I ain't going to keep the toll-gate on the plank-road, neither?"

"Well, I suppose you will if you get the appointment. But I don't see what that has to do with those hats."

"Oh, you don't! I never saw such a chap as you are. If I'm elected toll-gate-keeper I'm goin' out there to live, ain't I?"

"Why, yes—"

"Well, there's a good deal of drivin' on the road, ain't there? And some day, just as likely as not, a beautiful female may come drivin' along, and just as she gets opposite my place her hoss may take it into his head to run away. Such things ain't impossible, I b'lieve."

"Oh, no."

"Oh, they ain't! Well, then—s'posin' I should run out, at the risk of my own life, and trip up them fiery untamed steeds, she wouldn't be likely to climb down out o' that buggy, and fall on my neck, and cry, and call me her preserver, nor nothin', I s'pose? P'raps I never read about such things in books."

"Oh, of course."

"Ah! I have, have I?" P'raps she wouldn't ask me up to the house, and p'raps her old man wouldn't call me his son, and she wouldn't cast down her eyes and blush, modest-like. Oh, no! And do you think I'm such a dummed fool that I don't know what *that* means?"

"Of course not; but what has that to do with those hats?"

"What? Why, she loves me, don't she? And the old man says: 'Bless you, my children, bless you,' don't he? And we get married, don't we? Well, I should smile. And what then? Why, children of course. Now d'you see?" he bawled, irritably.

"No."

"You make me tired. Why, see here. I've got children, haven't I?—two or three of 'em. Well, there are such things as twins, I b'lieve. There's no law against my havin' twins, I think; they don't hang a man for havin' twins in this part of the country, do they?" No. And if one man can have twins, so can another—I can have twins if I want to, and, by George, I will!"

"Well?"

"What! you don't catch on yet? Why, man alive, I've got twins, haven't I? And in course of time they'll grow up, won't they?—grow up to be men and need plug-hats. Well, here are the hats all ready for them. Do you tumble now?"



"Ye-es; but—"

"Now, the same style in plug-hats comes around again every seven years. I got this straight from the hatter. These hats are four years old. I shall be elected next Fall, and married, probably, the following year. That's five years. Now, my boys will need those hats when they are sixteen, won't they? Well, sixteen and five make twenty-one, don't they? and seven goes in twenty-one three times, don't it? You see the style will be all right."

"But the size—"

"Well, I'm surprised that a man like you should ask such a question! Look-a-here. There has been such a thing, I s'pose, as a number eight head. They may be rare; but still there are such things. Well, now, if one of my boys should have a number eight head, what is more natural than that his twin-brother should have a six-and-a-quarter head, thus making an average of seven and one-eighth—my own size? Commonest thing in the world with twins—law of compensation, you know. I hope you grasp my idea now—'a stitch in time saves nine,' and all that sort of thing."

And he added, as his friend walked thoughtfully away:

"I never did see such a man as that. He don't seem to have any more idea of lookin' ahead and takin' thought for the morrow than nothin' at all."

F. E. CHASE.

## THE MESSENGER-BOY AS HE ISN'T, AND AS HE IS.



THE DELIGHTFUL DREAM.



THE SOLID FACT.

## PET PHRASES.

- The world of fashion.
- Equal to the occasion.
- We are free to confess.
- Had an enjoyable time.
- Discoursed sweet music.
- Offers many advantages.
- Brought down the house.
- If those walls could speak.
- Hurled back into his teeth.
- We see no reason to believe.
- The remains will be interred.
- Between Scylla and Charybdis.
- A thunderbolt out of a clear sky.
- A shocking scandal in high life.
- It is in the author's happiest vein.
- Both men were badly punished.
- The sacred rite of matrimony.
- A large and brilliant audience.
- The band discoursed popular airs.
- Loud and long-continued applause.
- One of the most prominent merchants.
- A foul blot upon modern civilization.
- It is whispered in society circles that—
- Considerable curiosity has been excited.
- Called for the interference of the police.
- During this conversation—remained aloof.
- Brought to a realizing sense of the situation.
- Our space does not permit further reference—

## PUCK'S PATENT APPARATUS—



TO PREVENT COUNTRY GUESTS IN CITY HOTELS FROM BLOWING OUT THE GAS.

## THE ENGAGEMENT-RING.

About the happiest day in the life of a young lady is the day upon which she receives an engagement-ring. She will hold her hand up and look at the ring from all points, and admire it, and assure Adolphus that he is just too awful nice for anything for giving it to her. And she always wears it that day, no matter what happens. If the ring is too large for her, she will ram bits of wood under it, just as a boy puts branches of trees and other things under his skate-straps to keep his skates on. And, after she gets it fixed to suit her, she starts out to call on her friends. They all know before she arrives that she has received a ring, and are on the *qui vive*. They either tell her it is very pretty, or else they pretend not to notice it at all, in either of which cases the recipient of the ring is delighted beyond description. Because if they compliment her, she thinks that they are affecting an indifference to her good luck that they do not feel, and that they will tear her to pieces after her departure. And if they don't say a word or notice the ring, the young lady knows that they are wild with envy, and would give their ears to be in her place. And she is glad to think that she has destroyed their happiness. And she calls on every one she knows, and removes her gloves at every house, even if she remains therein but two minutes.

A SIDE-WALK—The Crab's.



THE FOX AND THE CROW.

One day a Fox was out taking a little Walk, when he espied an Ancient Crow, with a piece of Cheese in his mouth, sitting on the limb of a Tree.

The Fox, being fond of Cheese, lost no time in attracting the attention of the Crow, and when he had succeeded in doing this, said:

"You are a very lovely Crow; in fact, the loveliest Crow I ever saw, and surely one with such beautiful plumage must be a divine singer. Will you sing for me?"

"Cheese it!" exclaimed the Crow, after it had grasped the Cheese in one Talon and held it firmly: "you probably thought I would talk without first securing the Cheese, but that is where you made your great Mistake. Now I would advise you to go down to the Butcher's, and get him to allow you to remain in his barrel of Brine over Sunday. You are not yet salted enough to wander alone in a cold, uncharitable world."

The Moral of this Fable teaches us that we can never safely bet on a Flat.

CAST THY bread upon the waters, and it will spoil the fishing for a week.

IN ANGUISH PENNED.



Pink pretty cheeks of beauty, moved  
By melting mood to be  
So close to mine, that, though reprov'd  
By stiff propriety,  
I cannot curb a wish to test  
Your blush-bright bit of bliss,  
Pregnant with joy as birds that rest  
Where small winds meet and kiss;  
It makes my sad soul sick to know  
Deception dwells in you, for, though  
Your darling owner's low voice speaks  
Nor praise nor blame—in truth  
You get your glow, pink pretty cheeks,  
From Judkin's "Dab of Youth"! E. W.

AN UNFAIR EXCHANGE.

A lady recently explored her lord's vest at about 4.30 A. M.

Greatly to her astonishment, it contained a ten-dollar note, together with the regulation suspender-button and the customary night-key.

"Aha," she said: "he knoweth not that his vest containeth a ten-dollar note, because when he came home he tried to light the gas with a cigar-stump. I will take the ten and go shopping."

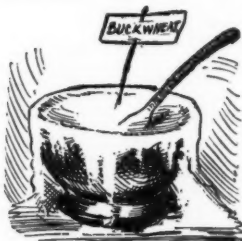
So she took the ten, and put in its stead two dollars and seventeen cents, that her lord might not be too sorely perplexed on counting his capital. And as she started for her things, to go down Sixth Avenue, her husband, who had been slyly watching with one eye, chuckled like a fiend as he hurried into his clothes and started out for a cocktail.

"Two dollars and seventeen cents," he soliloquized: "two dollars and seventeen cents. Why, I'm in luck, and the country's saved. Severe cases require severe remedies; but my wife will be the maddest woman in town when she finds she has given me two dollars and seventeen cents legal currency of the United States of America for a counterfeit ten-dollar note."

SKETCHES FROM THE DIAMOND-FIELD.



Our Same Old Pitcher (who was somewhat disabled last season) will resume his functions.



Our Champion Batter Has Acquired a Boss Record.



A Lightning "Short-Stop."



Johnny Invents a Patent "Back-Stop."



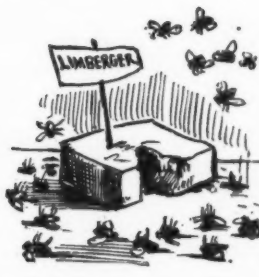
OUR "HOME NINE."



The "Left" Fielder.



A Genuine "Dead Ball."



The Champion "Fly-Catcher" is Doing Great Work.



The Biggest "Kicker" in Our Nine.

## AN ARCADIAN ADVERTISEMENT.



ALPHONSO SYMPSON, a goodly youth and fair, hied him forth to the country.

For he said within himself, this merry wight: "Beshrew me, but me royal wits are rusting in this gruesome

city. I will forth; I will seek the broad canopy of the Arcadian heavens; I will disport me with the merry country lads and lasses upon the village green; I will roll i' the hay, in merry mood, and I will drink deep drafts of nature, yea, even as of old might a favored mortal have gulped his fill of Hypocras. What ho, without there, Slavey! Bring me the New York Herald!"

Which being brought, to read the advertisements did young Alphonso seriously incline. Ay, and he did not note, being of hasty spirit, and full of the hot blood of youth, that all the farmer-folk who therein set forth a fair showing of their hostels were of a kind, even as one pea unto another. For none were further than the space of five minutes from the station, and all made smooth-tongued traitor promises of plain but wholesome fare.

Nay; but look you, good sir, the young Alphonso Sympon—forgive me and I fall a-weeping at the thought—he made election of that advertisement which most did fool his fancy; and ere that Monday se'nnight was the gentle knave at Howankus, in the fair shire of New Jersey, 'neath the low roof of a humble tiller of the soil, one Jones by name.

By me halidome, but 'twas a merry sight when next morn at early cock-crow the gay Alphonso wiped the veil of slumber from his eyes, and rose to do brave battle with a tumble-

bug on the walls where o'ernight he had slain a legion of mosquitos.

"Faith!" he cried, when his knightly task was done, and the husks of his mattress strewed the ensanguined floor: "I will to me bath, and wash the stains of combat from me person."

But even then he bethought him that he knew not where might be the bath; and with sturdy roars he summoned the honest farmer, and held parley with him through the door.

"Nay, an ye be the King o' the Cannibal Islands," cried that worthy: "ye can have no bath in this my house. Dost think this here is an aquarium? 'Sblood! Wilt not be content

with a tin basin and the pump behind the kitchen door?"

And having in such unseemly fashion cleansed his face, the young Alphonso sat him down to break his fast, and made sorry work thereof; for the plentiful lack of aught save boiled potatoes a six-month i' the brine; which, though he was no Jew, yet could he in nowise eat.

Whereupon, this being done, he spake to the churl Jones, and said: "Marry, may I be roast an I read not in thy advertisement that thy cot was nigh to a sylvan lake. Prithee, direct me thither, that I may cleanse and cool me in that flood."

But the farmer made answer only: "By'r Lady; but I disremember that there lake! Perchance thou hadst better try the medder-lot."

Which, when the young Alphonso had come unto, he found to be indeed but an ill-favored field, wherein was a puddle that but served to moisten the hoofs o' the kine.

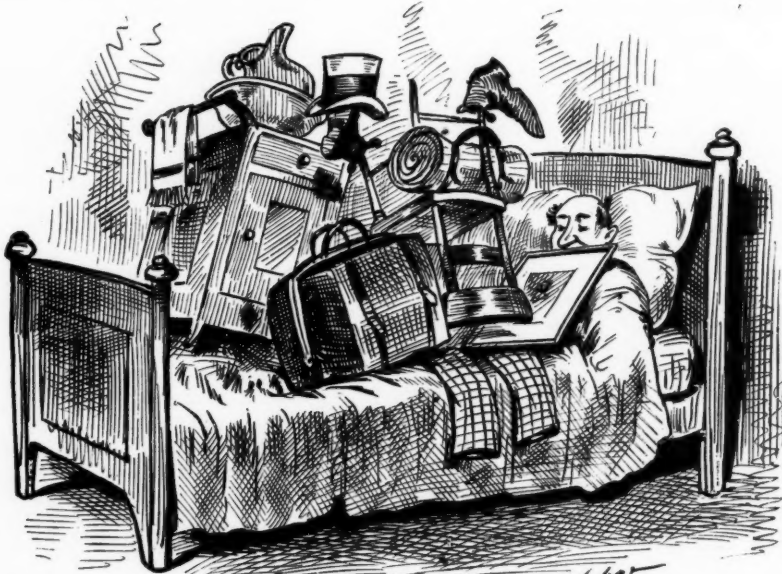
Then, quickly betaking himself to the house, did young Alphonso hail his merry host: "Bring me now out the Beer, that we may swig together." But the merry host made answer that this was a temperance house; and the daughter of the house, a damsel coy yet ripe, whispered unto him: "Dear Mr. Sympon, an I thought ye were that kind of a man, I had not smiled on ye."

And the churl Jones furthermore held speech with him, saying: "Had ye not engaged your room for the entire season, I would not have ye here; but as it now is, ye must or stay or pay me for the whole Summer and depart in peace."

And the Sympon paid and went.

And these things I write ye down, for that ye may take warning thereby, and stay long in cities pent, with that sweet contentedness of spirit which is born of wisdom.

## THE LAST SUMMER HOTEL BOARDER.



IT'S A COLD NIGHT WHEN HE GETS LEFT.

## THE HONEST FARMER, THE LOAD OF HAY, AND THE MONOPOLISTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY.



HONEST INDUSTRY UNCONSCIOUS OF IMPENDING DANGER.



WHEN HONEST INDUSTRY RUNS AGAINST MONOPOLY, IT GETS LEFT EVERY TIME.



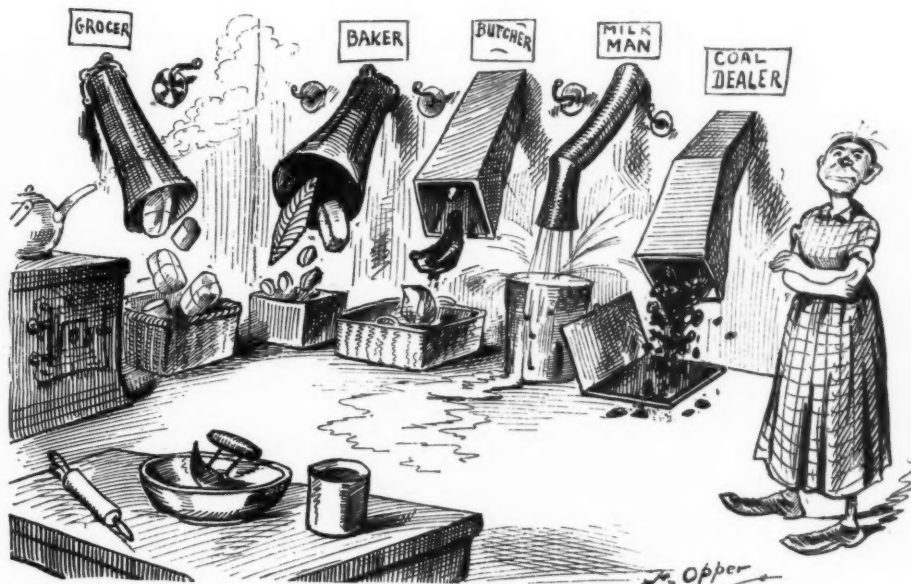


PUCKERINGS.

"How SHALL the American savage be civilized?" is a question asked by a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*. There are many ways. Teach him that it is improper to eat with his knife, and that colored napkins should be used at the fruit end of the meal, and not during the opening chorus. Teach him not to arrive at a reception until nine o'clock, and never to appear in a swallow-tail during the afternoon. Tell him that it is bad form to drink beer before and absinthe after dinner. Also send him to dancing-school, compel him to avoid pie, and have him instructed in the art of walking in the English style. Then bang his hair, and put a pair of eye-glasses and a white plug-hat on him, and you have your Indian as thoroughly civilized as is the average white man.

It is a sad moment when a dear and cherished illusion is suddenly dissipated, and when the roseate sky of anticipation is darkened with gloomy clouds of disappointment. This is what occurs to the old hen who has a bad reputation for trampling on her nest when she finds that she has been sedulously sitting for three weeks on a choice collection of door-knobs.

THE FRENCH FLAT OF THE VERY NEAR FUTURE.  
EVERYTHING ON THE PREMISES.



IN THE KITCHEN.



IN THE PARLOR.

TABLE TALK.

May I trouble you for a muffin?—Do you know the Browns have come back to town already, and are going to take a flat for the Winter?—That's splendid butter!—Do you know that that Maud McGuffin has just received a box of kid gloves from Paris?—May I have another lump of sugar in my coffee?—Thanks!—The Simpsons were at church Sunday. They say Louise is engaged to Tom Robinson—Where do you get this tea?—Send up a check to-day for fifty dollars—We had better go to the dress-maker's to-day—I wonder if the Joneses will have a box at the opera next season—Let's have another fish-ball, etc.

NO MATTER how loose an engagement-ring may be, the diamond never slips around on the inside of a lady's finger.

CERTAINLY.

Editor of PUCK—Sir: Will you please be kind enough to give in the columns of your paper, or in any way that you see fit, an illustration of the style of hat that you would recommend for young men? I am somewhat in doubt as to what you would prefer, as you ridicule every style of hat that comes out, no matter whether it is low or high, broad or narrow brim, all the same you decide it.

Very respectfully,  
H. ATLESS.

A TRIUMPH OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE.



RUNNING UP A HOUSE IN LESS THAN NO TIME.

A CANDID PROPOSAL.

I love you, love you! love you!!—yet confess  
A consciousness of trifling does come o'er me  
When all the other shapes of loveliness  
To whom I've said the same thing rise before me.  
They were, you are, the idol of my heart;  
An idol it must have—which must be kissed. Hence,  
That which was once but of my life a part  
Is now my whole existence.

I see a scornful light grow in your eyes,  
And yet they shine like stars half hid by mists—  
Magnificent! You are the fairest prize  
My errant heart e'er fought for in love's lists.  
You see, I'm candid; you have bowled me over,  
And now I drink and dine and bathe in love;  
I puzzled half an hour just to discover  
The perfume of your glove!

But now all empty was this heart of mine;  
Some woman must be in it. With that rose  
Give me yourself, and walk into the shrine  
Its sovereign goddess. In short, I propose—  
My! Won't the Johnson-Mowbrays be enraged!  
This Summer's changed the lot of many a rover—  
That you and I be genuinely engaged  
Until the season's over!

Atlantic City, N. J.

JOHN PAUL BOCK.

WHY, OF COURSE. TAKE YOUR CHOICE.



## LITTLE TERRORS ON WHEELS.



BUT BEWARE OF THE COMBINATION.

## AUGUSTUS AND THE WILLIAM GOAT.

Augustus Prim went out to swim,  
And, following tradition,  
He hung his clothes on a hickory limb,  
Devoid of all suspicion.

A William Goat soon came that way,  
And, following tradition,  
He wickedly chewed up those clothes,  
Devoid of all contrition.

Augustus Prim came from his swim,  
Devoid of all suspicion:  
But, when he saw the empty limb,  
Fled like an apparition. GIL. FORDE.

## A TRIBUTE TO AN E C

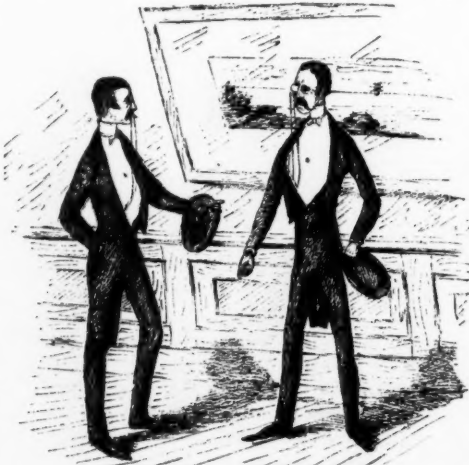
To the Editor of Puck—Sir:

I hand you herewith, as a testimonial of my undying regard for yourself, a sketch (that is what I call it, though you may differ,) made on the principle adopted by the London *Punch*, *Fun*, *Judy* and the like; that is, a diminutive joke with a ponderous point. In fact, so ponderous that ordinary brains, like those contained in the average American "needle-box," are unable to grasp the idea without great risk of serious cerebral disorder.

I have only to add that if the "sketch" does not come up to your standard, present it as a peace offering to the office-goat, and let him acknowledge it, through the "Answers for the Anxious," by the simple sentence: "I have eaten."

Yours,

J. W. C.



AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

FIRST MASHER: "I say! Old Chappie, don't yer know?"  
SECOND MASHER: "Really, I don't, b'Jove!"

—After Punch.

## RIGHT HE IS.

"Do we use slang?" We do, parson, we do. Yes, it may sound a trifle vulgar and not exactly *au fait*, but when we want to express all our sentiments in a few words, (as we do on certain occasions,) give us genuine, double-barreled, centre-fire slang every time.

Do they understand it? Oh! do they? Ask a friend to "take a smile," or tell him you came to pay those five "cases" you borrowed.

Will he "tumble"? Oh, no. Observe that noble youth laboriously climbing yon apple-tree; also cast your optic on his junior brother "laying bones" athwart the fence hard by. Aha! Anon he steadfastly turns his troubled gaze along the well-worn path that leadeth unto the farmer's domicile. He starts! He bounds! He runs nigh unto that apple-tree, but lingers not; he only murmurs "Cheese it!"—then disappears. When you can give us any other two words that mean "Light out, Bill! lively! Here comes Farmer Jones with a shotgun and bull-dog"—we say—when you can produce any other two such words—we will cease to use slang. E. D. C.

## JUNE FIFTEENTH.



DAREST JENNY: You must go—  
What is worse, you go to-morrow.  
All my soul is filled with woe—  
All my heart o'erflows with sorrow.

With your pretty face alight  
At the thought of Summer pleasure,  
You explain the trip is quite,  
Quite a sanitary measure.

Country air, it seems, you need;  
Though I don't see how you know it;  
For you are not off your feed,  
And Pursell's account will show it.

But to Saratoga or  
To the Branch you go a-flying;  
To the mountains or the shore—  
Town-bound lover left a-sighing.

In the ball-room's heat and glare,  
On verandahs dark, malarious,  
You will take your "country air"  
Till your state is more precarious

Jenny mine, I greatly fear,  
When I seek you in vacation,  
I shall have to bring you here,  
Townward, for recuperation. C. ASH.

YES, JOHNNY, it is a very nice split, and your hand looks a good deal like Sister Mamie's last Summer's fan after the three young men had quarreled about which of them should have it. Yes, dear boy, we will go down to the doctor's with you and stand around while he rivets it up and puts clamps on it. And you didn't catch the ball after all? Dear, dear! Well, we should think a foot-ball might have slipped through that hand. Lots of fun playing base-ball, isn't it?

## THE MILLENNIUM HAS COME.



THE CONTRACT-PRISON-LABOR QUESTION SETTLED, AND EVERYBODY SATISFIED.



### A BUSINESS OFFER.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I wish to introduce myself to you as one who can, no doubt, greatly increase your circulation, and put many dollars in your pockets. You will recognize the fact that since the price of the newspapers has been reduced to two cents, it has been the effort of the proprietors to make their journals as readable as possible. In order to do this they have been obliged to resort to the dodge of printing a great deal of sensational matter.

Anything in the shape of arson or murder finds ready readers all over the land. Several months ago I was out of employment, and in need of money. I went to a paper and offered to go around the country and commit miscellaneous crime for a monetary consideration. The paper accepted, agreeing to give me either a salary or pay me a regular amount for every crime.

After I had been on the road for a month the paper wrote me, saying that my efforts were highly satisfactory; that the paper had been more lively and readable; that my salary had been raised, and that I must keep on in the good work.

I want you to understand that I am not confined to simple murdering. I can do arson and other things. In the Fall I burn forests; and then in the Winter, when everything is dull, I go to killing. This causes the paper to be read by criminals to such an extent that it finds no difficulty in securing the advertisements of pistol-dealers and the manufacturers of burglars' paraphernalia.

Occasionally I fire a theatre on a Sunday, when there is no one around, and I am quite an adept in kidnapping, and can get you up a little lost-child mystery that will boom your paper away up to the skies. I am making a careful study of this thing, and can recommend myself to you as a thoroughly competent and conscientious workman. I am now in the employ of six papers, and would like to do a little for you on reasonable terms.

It will soon be balmy Spring, and it will then be time for the defunct tramp to be found as the snow melts away. And then will come the Summer, when I intend to burn some seaside palaces, and hang men to trees in a way that will lead their friends and the public to wonder why in the world they ever committed suicide.

I have a comprehensive map of my route and movements for the coming season under consideration, and when it is finished I shall take great pleasure in forwarding a copy to you.

Trusting that my proposition may meet your views and elicit an early reply, I remain,

Very truly yours,

BENDER MALONE.

POSTSCRIPT.—Private murdering a specialty. All contracts carried out with neatness and dispatch.

B. M.



The Discovery of a Rich Artist in an Up-town Studio.

### EPITAPH ON A DEAD SIX-DAY PEDESTRIAN.

But when the Sun in all his state  
Illumed the eastern skies,  
He passed through Glory's morning gate,  
And walked in Paradise.

—James Aldrich.

### IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES.



Old Wayup Discovers the Key-hole.



Cholly New Discovers a New Group of Stars.



The Discovery of an Oyster in the Soup at our Boarding-House.



The Recent Discovery of Polite New York Policeman.

### HIS FIRST SHAVE.

This is a momentous event in a boy's life, as it is to him the line of demarcation between boyhood and manhood.

The microscopic indications under his chin are becoming annoying to him, and he considers it a duty to society to have them removed without delay.

He has already made several surreptitious attempts with his father's razor, to the great detriment of both the razor and his face, and although he succeeded, in a measure, in removing the obnoxious down, yet it was with the unpleasant accompaniment of some of his chin. Therefore he determines to do the thing in a manly way, and resolves to submit to the barber's delicate manipulations without delay.

It takes him some time to muster up the requisite courage to enter the barber-shop, as he has certain misgivings that the barber might indulge in facetious and satirical remarks concerning his beard.

He passes the shops many times and looks in; but his heart sinks within him. There is always some drawback—either too many people inside or too few; in either case of which he thinks he will be noticed. Once he does enter, and one of the barbers venturing the inquiry, "Hair cut, sir?" involves him in delightful confusion, and, to avoid further embarrassment, he submits to having his hair cut, and still remains unshaved.

At last, in sheer desperation, he makes a very firm resolve either to get shaved that day or never. With this heroic resolve, and a dime in his pocket, he sallies forth to the barber's, and at a favorable moment walks in and tremblingly awaits his turn.

The sharp, short "Next!" sends the blood thrilling up his back-bone, and he feebly climbs into the chair and hurriedly says: "Shave me, please," and shuts his eyes, expecting to hear the stereotyped professional joke about his not having brought his moustache along.

The barber, probably with an eye to the dime, says nothing and proceeds to shave him, figuratively speaking.

There is only one drawback to the boy's cup of happiness, and that is the entire absence of that peculiarly pleasant rasping sound which comes only from a long experience. The razor glides over his face smoothly and noiselessly, and the barber goes through the form of wiping the razor on a slip of paper, at which the boy glances furtively, in the vain hope of obtaining ocular evidence of his approaching manhood.

The operation is soon over, and he gives his dime with the same feeling that a twenty-one-year-old registers his name to vote.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR has written a volume on "The Great Pyramid." It tells you how to pocket fifteen balls on the break.



The Astounding Discovery of a Rapid Messenger-Boy.

## A SURE CURE.



## THEY DO THESE THINGS BETTER IN CHINA.

"Li-Tuk-Ho, the able Prime Minister of the renowned Emperor Wan-Lung, devised a law so simple and yet binding that since its adoption no Chinese bank has been known to fail. It provided that upon a bank's suspending payment the heads of the President, Cashier and Directors should be neatly lopped off and piled up in one corner, with the assets. This gave great satisfaction to the creditors of several banks which unluckily happened to fail just as the law went into effect. From that time to the present day no Chinese depositor has ever had cause to regret his confidence. — *N. Y. Times*.

## THE BELLES.

Hear the cultured bathing belles—  
Boston belles!  
With their learned disputations over ocean's musty shells.  
How they lecture, lecture, lecture,  
Even at the water's brink,  
On the interesting texture  
Of some weed, till you expect you're  
Dumber than the missing link!  
And they sputter, sputter, sputter,  
In a manner quite too utter,  
As their stockings blue are hidden by the swells.  
Oh, the belles, belles, belles, belles,  
Belles, belles, belles,  
Oh, the learning and discerning of the belles!

Hear the jolly bathing belles—  
New York belles!  
With their eyes filled up with pleasure and their mouths  
with caramels,  
How they giggle, giggle, giggle,  
Splashing water in the air!  
How they grab the rope and wriggle,  
Talking all at once, and higgle  
As to who'll first wet her hair!  
And they shriek, shriek, shriek,  
In a manner quite unique,  
As their dainty feet are scratched by horrid shells.  
Oh, the belles, belles, belles, belles,  
Belles, belles, belles,  
Oh, the flirting and diverting of the belles!

S. SIRROW.

## A DIRECT ANSWER.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:  
How much could you allow me for an eight-stanza poem, entitled "What We See in PUCK," beginning:

In PUCK we see Lord Roscoe's curl,  
And Kelly's old red nose;  
We see Ben Butler's old bald head,  
And the dude's ridiculous clothes?

Yours respectfully, THOS. MACKAY.

Five yards' start.—ED. PUCK.

## HOW ANIMALS UNDERSTAND.

The London *Spectator* prints an article calculated to show how our meaning is conveyed to animals. We do not know how it is in England; but in this country, when we want a mule to move on, we tell him so, often in ill-chosen language, and then convey our meaning by whaling him over the head with a crowbar. When our landlady wants a flock of hens to abdicate her favorite garden-bed, she throws both hands in the air and says "Shoo!" Of course the hens have never studied the dictionary, and don't know what "shoo" means, and it is in order to convey her meaning that she picks up a stone, and, throwing it with might and main, hits the house, which is directly behind her.

The hens, hearing the stone strike the house, know that "shoo" is a verb which means to get out, and is a synonym for "vamoose," "ske-daddle," etc., and they immediately light out.

When we yell at an intruding cat "Scat!" we also hurl a bootjack at her, that the meaning of the word may be perfectly clear to her.

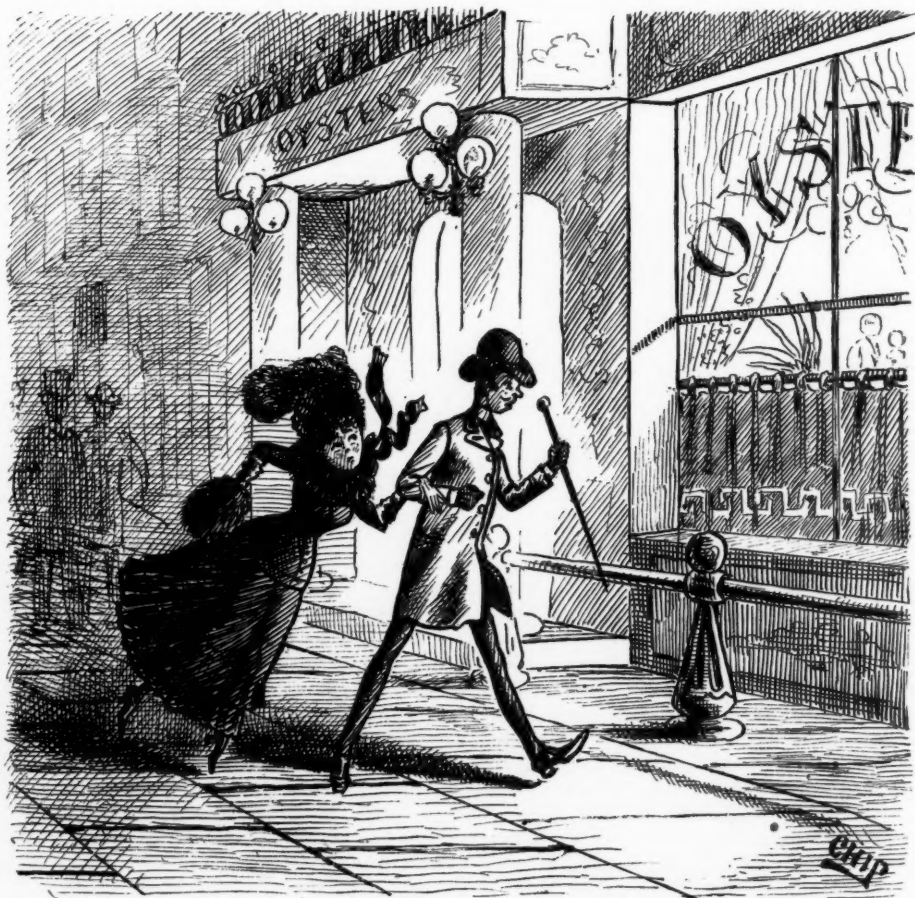
When we say "Get ap!" to the horse we are driving, we fetch him one with the whip at the same time, and then he knows what we are driving at.

When we request a dog to take himself off the premises, we supplement the remark by hurling a brick or two, and the dog understands us perfectly.

This shows that we waste many words in the course of a year. Why utter the words at all? Why not depend on the missiles, as an Irishman does in a free fight? And, besides this, if you spare the crowbar you spoil the canal-mule.

## A DISSOLVING VIEW—A Plate of Ice-Cream.

## A SKETCH FROM LIFE.



YOUNG BIFFENS, THE DRUG-CLERK, HAS BEEN ESCORTING MISS CLARA STRIKER TO THE THEATRE. THE ABOVE SCENE REPRESENTS HIM PASSING AN OYSTER-SALOON ON HIS WAY HOME.



CLEAN-HANDED.



INJURED COLORED MAN.—“You don't suppose I'd steal at my time of life, does yer?”  
 WHITE PARTY.—“Circumstances are against you. Hold up your hands!”  
 INJURED COLORED MAN.—“Lord, dat's nuffin'. Here they be, Boss!”

THE HON. EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

HE PROPOSES TO FOUND A SCHOOL FOR BURGLARY.

*More Encouragement Needed in the Noble Arts and Sciences.*

We live in a wonderful age. We make the most astounding progress in some things; and in other things our progress is not so progressive.

Take the art of burgling, for instance. There have been some few improvements in this art, perhaps, since the time of Zoroaster the nifty and Metonymy the loose; but not many. In the main, the devotees of this art have just about as hard a time of it now as they had then.

They will have to prowl around in the dark, get into the house as best they can, as no gentle hand leads them in—no cheery voice gives them welcome greeting—no smiling maiden meets them on the threshold; but they sneak in by way of some ruptured window-pane, or squeeze through a diminished square of a panel, and grope around in the dark, just as they used to do in old Clytemnestra's time, and run the risk of coming in contact with a perforating bullet, or a soul-thrilling club, and then must, per force, be content to retire with what slim loot they may chance to find withal.

This is all wrong. It makes a man's hair curl to think of the narrow squeak the poor but honest burglar has for his life.

We need more open-hearted open-heartedness; more spontaneous spontaneity; more generous generosity on the part of hard-hearted and lunk-headed house-holders.

Why don't they open their doors and say “Walk in!”? Why don't they put a card up on the front of their houses:

FREE ENTRANCE  
TO  
BURGLARS.

OR:

BURGLARS  
WELCOME!

The science of burglary ought to be taught in our public schools as a branch of popular education.

Since burglars are recognized among our most estimable citizens, and since the science or art of burglary enjoys the protection of the judiciary, it is no more than right and proper that both it and they should take their appropriate rank and station among other legitimate professors and professions in the world.

Let us have schools of burglary, just as we have schools of law and physic. Give the poor, despised and down-trodden burglar a chance to exercise his vocation with other politicians and professors of music.

Let clergymen and Anthony Comstock and other ministers and members of the “Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Insects” interest themselves in this matter, and see to it that this honorable profession lies no longer under the ban of contumacious contumely.

Since the protecting arm of the law has been thrown around these short-crop and striped-trousers gentry, let them no longer be ostracized by our best society. Allow them to let their hair grow, and to don their stripes and don the doe-skin of the dude.

This will be doing a truly Christian and philanthropic work, which will tend to elevate this time-honored profession, and the humble artisans who make it their vocation—or, possibly, only their avocation—to

that station in the realm of society where poesy and art and music and philology and psychology and conchology and nosology and sociology are wont to meet and mingle and wander and sport amid the zephyrs of the surrounding azure zenith of the corrugated dome of the universal universe, and ply their soft arts amid perennial jocundity and congenial congeniality.

Yours burgraciously,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

A YOUNG MAN recently thought he would create some merriment in church; so he dropped a handful of pennies in the plate. But the plate had a velvet lining, and when the coppers fell in it and made no more noise than a dollar-note would have made, and that young man figured up what he could have purchased with the money, he was about the maddest man in that church. He looked dazed, as though suddenly recovering consciousness and not knowing where he was.

DUMAS HAS written an article entitled “Children's Questions.” But none of the following popular questions of children are mentioned: May I have a piece of bread? Will you make Mary Jones stop making faces at me? Give me a penny to buy some taffy? May I stay home from school?

ATTRACTIVE ADVERTISEMENTS—ILLUSTRATED.



“HEALTH, QUIET, REST, ENJOYMENT, FRUIT, SOCIETY, CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, ETC.”

## THE BRIDGE A FAILURE.



WOULD-BE SUICIDE:—"THIS IS THE WORST I EVER SEE'D. NOW, HOW THE DEUCE IS A FELLOW TO MAKE A NICE CLEAN JOB OF IT? THIS BRIDGE WEREN'T BUILT FOR THE POOR MAN, ANYHOW."

## HIS CONTRIBUTION.

He was a very nice young man, of Boston dressing. He had just left the School of Mines, and he went out West, and settled in Dead Horse Gulch, to grow up with the town. He wore not only a shirt, but an all-round standing collar, of real celluloid, and he had a French gold scarf-pin and reversible cuffs.

These things aided him to lead rather a retired life in Dead Horse Gulch, for the populace did not crowd around him and overwhelm him with too embarrassing demonstrations of cordiality. So he was somewhat surprised when a big miner in a red shirt and trousers freckled with patches called on him one morning and said:

"Look-a-here, Mr. Tenderfoot, I'm appointed a sorter committee to wait upon you with a kinder message."

"I'm glad to see you," said the young man.

"You can be glad and dry at the same time, can't ye?" remarked the miner: "Well, we want you to a species of give us a lift."

"I shall be happy," began the young man, doubtfully; but the miner went on:

"We suppose you take an interest in this here settlement—that you kinder like to help the town grow up?"

"Certainly."

"And mebbe, we sorter thort, you'd be willing to give us a hand to hilt the snap along—yank her a bit further towards incorporation."

"Undoubtedly."

"That's what we thort, that's what we thort. Ye're a white man, stranger. Shake! Well, here's our situation. A town ain't no sort of a

town until it's got some record—some institutions—see?"

"Indubitably."

"Well, now, we've had eight or ten births, and three marriages, and one baptism, and a

change of heart, and a couple dozen trials, and a walking-match and a church fair, and no end of dog-fights in this here town; but we ain't never had no funeral."

"No funeral?" inquired the young man, in surprise.

"No, sir, no funeral—that is to say, no real straight funeral—no regular formality snap. In the first place, ye see, there ain't been no coffins in the town till yesterday, when we got in a full cargo from Leadville. And, stranger, we mean to inaugurate them coffins, sure's you're born."

"You doubtless know best."

"We do, cull, we do. We're a-going to have a real funeral—a funeral from Funeralville, Funeral County, Funekansaw, wayback. Real coffin—religious services—lining—plate—genuine corpse, too."

"But—"

"Jest hold on, stranger. That funeral is going to be a slap-up affair. We've got the minister, and the coffin, and the pall-bearers, and the hearse, and the horses, and the grave dug, and we want you to help us."

"I shall be most happy to assist you," said the young man: "but I don't quite see how I can be useful. You desire me to assist the clergyman, perhaps? I have studied a little for the ministry—"

"No, sir, no," interrupted the miner: "you don't get onto this snap at all. We've got an A 1 minister, who can work the whole racket all by himself. He don't want no assistance."

"Well, but," mildly objected the young man: "I don't see what else I can do. You seem to have everything prepared—"

"That's where you're out, stranger," the miner broke in again: "we ain't got the most important of all the props, and that's jest what we want you to contribute."

"And what is that?" inquired the young man with the celluloid collar.

"The corpse," said the miner: "and, stranger, that coffin will just fit you, and you'll make the prettiest resigned-looking corpse in the town, and it's a close call for ten sharp tomorrow morning. So long!"

And he lit out.

THE RULE OF THREE—For the Third Person to Clear Out.

## WHAT THE COUNTRY NEEDS AT PRESENT—



SOMETHING TO ENABLE LADIES TO SEE IF THEIR HUSBANDS ARE IN THE CORNER-SALOONS OR NOT.



ILLUSTRATED EXCUSES;  
OR,  
WHY OUR OFFICE-BOY WAS LATE.



MONDAY—"Elevated Railroad blockaded by ice."



TUESDAY—"Had to serve on the jury."



WEDNESDAY—"Forgot the number of the office, and had to hunt it up in the directory."



THURSDAY—"Had to escort his aged grandmother over the ferry."



FRIDAY—"Everybody sick at home, and had to stay home and nurse them."



SATURDAY—(Best reason of all) "Bounced."

THE PUBLISHER AND THE POET.

A poet, on leaving the Editorial Rooms for the day, was once Accosted by his Facetious Employer, who Remarkd:

"The Summer has slipped mysteriously away; the Golden-Rod blows along the Roadside, the Squirrel is storing away Nuts for the Winter, the Forest is one mighty blaze of Red and Yellow, Ceres smiles serenely on the Land, and you ought to Cast Aside that Straw Hat."

The poet smiled Wanly, indorsed the Sentiment of his Employer, and Requested a Loan of Five Dollars, that he might Purchase a new Tile.

The Employer handed out the V, and then retired to his private office and Clubbed himself half to Death.

On the following morning the Poet entered the Office with a Stylish Derby on, and his Employer, desiring to be Even with him, Said:

"That Hat looks pretty Dry. Do you not think it would wear better and longer if you were to Wet it?"

The Poet ran his Fingers through his Hair, and said he would be Happy to treat if his Employer Would Advance the Money.

And the Employer was forced to go out and Set Up a Round of Brandy-and-Soda, and the Poet never Paid him back.

The Moral of this Fable teaches us that Gratuitous Suggestions are often Disastrous to the Suggestor.

TO A WIND-WHIFF.

Steal down the garden-way, untired whiff,  
And cause dirge-music 'mong the ghostly spears  
Of frost-wrecked corn—a symphony of tears—  
A chant for roses dead, for loves grown stiff.  
The days gone have been fair, as soft as if  
Kissed into place by "pretty petulant lips,"  
Or solaced by the soothful melting tips  
Of fingers dew-dipped from some aimless skiff.  
Steal down the garden-way, and oh! be warm  
With bright remembrance of love-words in glens  
And twilit flower-paths o'er-sweet, to charm  
Our frozen souls in Summer's "gones" and "thens."



Blow off, wind-whiff, and spare us, over all,  
The tattered picnic-poster on the wall!

EDWARD WICK.

RECREATIONS IN SCIENCE.

A BULLET SHOT upward from the earth goes up to aphelion with a retarded or decreasing motion; but when it is fired at a dog or an infuriated steer by a New York policeman, it is liable to go around a street-corner and hit a pedestrian in the leg.

PERSONS WHO are wasting their mental powers trying to solve the problem why such persons as Oscar Wilde, fat women, Herr Most, living skeletons, O'Dynamite Rossa and other freaks are permitted to be born into this world, may derive considerable consolation from the fact that the sun, at its present rate of contraction, will supply heat enough to support life on the earth only 18,000,000 years longer.

THERE ARE too many persons in this world whose whole aim in life appears to be the accumulation of wealth, and in devoting their talents to this object, they never give a thought to the essential fact that the modes of reproduction of the hellozoon *Clathrulina elegans* are four in number, viz.: by self-division, by the instantaneous throwing off of a small mass of sarcode, by the formation and liberation of minute germs, and by the transformation of the body into flagellate monads. It is extremely doubtful if Mr. Vanderbilt, with all his millions and art treasures, permits his mind to dwell more than fifteen minutes at a time upon this important matter.

W.

## PUCK'S RURAL LOCALETTES.

—Hook and Ladder Company No. 4 will parade next Friday.

—Harvey Sims has bought a pair of Oxford ties and a straw hat.

—G. A. R. Post will occupy the loft over the market very soon.

—Squire Lee's dog went mad last week and had to be killed.

—Brother Pulsifer thinks of setting out some strawberry-plants.

—The first white vest was seen on Barlow Street a few days ago.

—Pilsing has already laid in a fine stock of Fourth-of-July goods.

—Joe Dills sits on the stoop and plays on the banjo in the evenings.

—The village band will practise on Friday evenings after next week.

—Mrs. Gibbs will paper her candy-store for the Summer next week.

—Give Mugg, the undertaker, a chance, if you want to be embalmed.

—A dead black snake, lying in the road, caused Elijah Snummy's horse to shy and kick a shoe off yesterday.

—Little Willie Mead wore the knees out of his trousers yesterday while playing marbles on Dean Street.

—Little Louisa Simpson jumped rope until she fainted, last Wednesday afternoon.

—W. L. Seymour and wife, of Lynn, paid a short visit to their sister, Mrs. Lewis, of Spring Street, last week.

—A muskrat weighing twenty-seven pounds was killed down on Mullin's Creek a few days ago by some cowboys.

—While Elder Whitcomb was winding his watch in front of Town Hall, on Monday morning, he broke the main-spring.

—Widow Mugg has opened her ice-cream saloon for the Summer. The widow is a fine old Christian lady. Give her a call.

## GRANDMAMA.

I.  
It is many years ago  
Since she led  
On a tiny tapered toe,  
With a tread  
Like a whisper, in the dances;  
She 's the sweetest of romances—  
She 's the darling of my fancies,  
Though she 's dead.

II.  
Grandpapa was very slim—  
Wore a wig  
When she courtesied to him  
In the jig;  
She was modest, prim and pretty,  
He was healthy, wise and witty,  
And he joggled through the city  
In a gig.



III.  
Sixty summers side by side  
Did they go,  
Then the feeble father died,  
And the snow  
Streaked the curls that used to tangle  
At a captivating angle  
By her cheeks, before the bangle  
Caught the beau.

IV.  
And they say she used to sit  
All day through  
With her Bible, reading it,  
Till she grew  
Very old; then came the tragic  
End of life's unraveled magic.  
For her epitaph no adject-  
Tive will do.

V.  
All that I remember now  
Is the quaint  
Gold-rimmed glasses on her brow  
In the paint  
Where some portrait-painter caught her—  
And a most devoted daughter—  
Mother—she who always thought her  
Just a saint.

F. D. S.

## THE VITAL BUTTON.

If there is anything in this world calculated to bother a man, it is sewing a button on the back of his trousers to connect with his suspenders. Every morning when he gets up, and hasn't time to sew on the button, he solemnly vows that he will do it that night, and not put it off a day longer. But that night he does not carry out his threat. He argues that there will be time enough in the morning, and he will purposely arise early.

So in the morning he oversleeps himself, and doesn't sew on the button when the early sunbeam and the dying sonata of the night-blooming tom-cat float through the flowery perforations in his window-curtains.

So he arises and casts his suspenders aside altogether, and buckles the strap tighter behind to keep his trousers in position. After he gets to the office, he stoops to pick a pen-holder off the floor, and in doing so away goes the buckle, and he secures his trousers by driving his hands in his pockets and holding on.

The next morning he dons his dress-trousers, and agrees with himself to wear them for just a day or two, until he gets the button on the others. After he has had the dress-trousers on a few days they get mud on them, and he wears them right along, determining to get a new pair when the next season sets in.

And when the dress-trousers are worn out, he takes down the old pair, and wears them with one suspender, like the shock-haired boy who drives the mule on the tow-path, until the other button comes off, after which the trousers are laid aside and looked upon as superannuated.

BY THE WAY—The Mile-Stone.

THE PLAGUE OF MICE.—The Cat.

## THE TOUR OF THE DISTINGUISHED TRAGEDIAN.—[As He Reported It in His Letters.]



"The Jeunesse Dorée is at my feet."



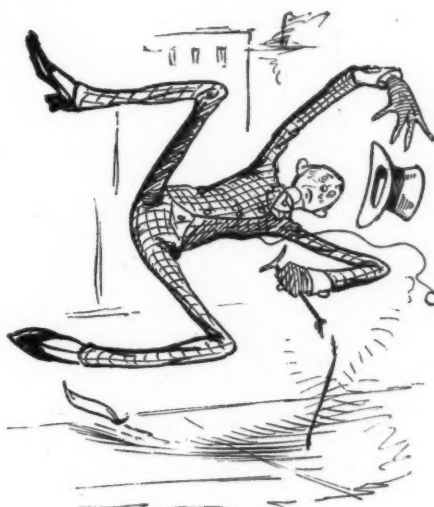
"After the performance I was tendered a serenade."



PUCK'S BANANA-SKIN MANUAL.



The "Langtry Twist."



The "Dude Kick."



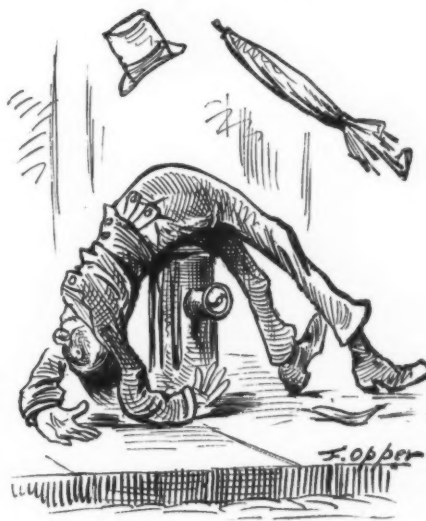
The "Vanderbilt Slide."



The "Paralysis Whirl."



The "Pan-Cake Drop."



The "Croton Slam."

MEDICAL VOCABULARY.

Run down.—Been on a bat.  
Old School.—Dosing to death.  
Wants Building Up.—Cakes and ale.  
New School.—Faith and sugar-plums.  
Malaria.—Damfino what's the matter.  
Lack of Tone.—Gorged and sedentary.  
Recognized Treatment.—Murder by rule.  
Sewer-Gas.—Haven't an idea how you got ill.  
Beautiful Operation.—Crippling a fellow-being.  
Nervous Prostration.—Coming out of the jim-jams.  
Perfect Quiet.—Keeping gossips out of the house.  
Too High-strung.—Thinks she is dying of a bunion.  
Neuralgia.—You've got a bad pain somewhere and somehow.  
Needs a Radical Change.—Stop smoking and go to bed early.  
Consult European Specialist.—Go abroad and die there—not here.  
Professional Services.—Polite to the family and serviceable to the druggist.  
Professional Etiquette.—Subterranean advertising, and working only one's own route.

IT DOESN'T hurt a man's back half so much to bend over at bowling, when he rolls twenty-pound balls, as it does to bend over to black his shoes.

WHERE ARE YOU, BULWER?



MR. SOLOMON BLINKENSTEIN:—"Is dere no such vord as Fail?"

POOR articles PUCK has always rejected,  
When shekels *ad lib.* were fully expected  
By writers thereof, who become quite dejected  
And sink to oblivion with brains disconnected.

SHATTERED DREAMS.

"Yes," said the poet, dreamily, as he looked over the columns of an agricultural paper: "Bokhara clover must be good for cows. Bokhara, Bokhara—yes, that sounds like a red-Burgundy name. But it is a lovely and perfect rhyme for Clara, and I guess I'll keep it to put in that poem, 'Heartfoam,' which I am now writing. Then I shall rhyme 'vellicate' with 'delicate,' and 'vesicate' with 'desiccate,' and the boys will all—"

"Bill!" broke in a rough voice from the outer office: "Bill!"

"Yes!" replied the poet.

"Are you doing anything now?"

"No, sir!" responded the poet.

"Well," said the man in the outer office: "I wish you would fetch up another scuttle of coal and sweep these ashes up, and then go out and fetch in a quart of beer. Here's the fifteen cents, and be as lively as you can."

And the author of "Heartfoam" got slowly upon his feet, and walked off as languidly as though stricken with malaria.

A RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN who speaks seven languages was recently arrested in Boston for getting money under false pretenses. If he had been industrious, and stuck to waiting on the table like a genuine nobleman, he wouldn't have got himself into trouble.

## A SOCIAL PROBLEM.



Why does a man spend fifty dollars in a grand splurge one day—and then begrudge a five-cent car-fare the next?

## THE MAN WITH THE MENDEED EAR.

Having been to "Yurup" on a six-weeks' Sunday-school excursion, Dobbs thinks he is an authority on all matters concerning the other side, from the functions of Mrs. Guelph's fourteenth lady-in-attendance to the middle name of Lucretia Borgia. Naturally, Dobbs sees many statements in the papers which disgust him by their errors. Dobbs wants to be foreign exchange editor of a great daily. He should take warning by the eventful experience of Mr. Alleweil—McElwee Gates Alleweil—who grew up as he was born—stone-deaf.

If Heaven lied about Alleweil in his infancy, he heard nothing of it; he was even impervious to the music of the spheres, and not being able as a babe to hear himself cry, he slept soundly and became a healthy youth. In the course of his search for occupation—his failure to have himself born in Ireland having incapacitated him for official life—Alleweil became the leader of an Italian orchestra. Neither applause nor hisses diverted him from the even tenor of the score, and he would in time doubtless have hired prime donne—all babies barred—had he not one cold day betrayed his infirmity to his employer when the latter approached him personally for the first time and suggested a raise of salary. So Alleweil was "fired," so to speak, and became exchange editor of a leading morning daily at eight dollars a week.

Here he worked assiduously with gum-pot and scissors, fought cockroaches and attained a good old age. The precocious prize-fighter who acted as office-boy oftentimes delighted himself when he brought Alleweil his exchanges by some such remark as, "Reach out your large slick ear, and let me filter mental pabulum into your shining cranium"; or, "How do you feel to-day, old bald-top?" All of which Alleweil unfortunately could not hear.

But one day Alleweil felt Spring in the air, and took a walk in the country to Harlem Heights. One of the goats which always stand there waiting for comic artists spied the bald spot under his hat, and, loving a shining mark, made at him. The concussion was terrific, and Alleweil's ears were mended.

That evening the office-boy brought Alleweil a tremendous stock of European "journals." Alleweil's back was turned, and the youth, as was his wont, invoked him choicely in audible tones, concluding with the witticism:

"Wee gates, Alleweil, eh?"

The restored auditor at once seized the hapless lad, and, in spite of his piteous pleadings, ran him through with a copy-file, pasted back his ears, dipped him in an ink-pot, and stuck him to the wall. The managing editor came around soon after, and thought he saw a cockroach on the wall. He wrote on Alleweil's tablets:

"I have your complaint about cockroaches under consideration."

Alleweil was "fired" the next day for having needlessly enlisted his chief's sympathy.

So Dobbs should beware.

JOHN PAUL BOCK.

## THE PET OF LUCK.

"Yes, he was a good deal of a fool," the traveling salesman remarked: "but he was the crankiest fool I ever met. Why, when he was first licensed to preach, the boys at the college borrowed his sermon, and interlined it full of high-toned compliments about 'St. Jackson's Oil,' and 'Setting Sun Stove-polish,' and 'Coleman's Liver-pad.' Consequence was, the advertising agents backed him up and crowded about his talents, so's he got the church out of debt, and was the most popular preacher in the State.

"He hadn't been preaching more'n ten years, you remember, when they made him assistant bishop. Way it came about was this: Some of his deacons got jealous and tried to spoil him. Caught him reading the London *Punch* on Sunday. Church had to try him, of course—bound to do it. Chufus Roate was his counsel. Chufus got up in the synod and read aloud number after number of *Punch*, to show just what the parson had been indulging in on the Sabbath.

"Most of 'em just laid back in their pews and slept like tired children. Few old hard-shell veterans listened intently all through. Then the moderator rose and made a rousing speech. Said his feelings were too deep for utterance. He had enjoyed the privilege of sitting under the best and most orthodox preachers of this century; but he had never listened to anything so calm, so solemn, so solid, and so free from anything like sensationalism or startling doctrines. The real solemn fervor of the author of that treatise was what every sober-minded man felt within himself was needed to keep our attention from the frivolities of life.

"Of course they cleared him unanimously, and one of the very deacons who had been against him worked hardest for his nomination as assistant bishop. Said that the remarks read from that gifted journal over the grave of his four children brought a solemn, precious calm to him which kept him from rebelling against Heaven's decrees.

MANAT.

## THE WORLD MOVES.



WHY COULD NOT THE DRY-GOODS STYLE OF ADVERTISING BE USED TO ADVANTAGE IN THE RESTAURANT BUSINESS?



DOMESTIC DUTIES.



Kindle the Fire Mornings.



Eat What's Set Before You.



Make Yourself Useful.



Face All the Duns.



Remain At Home Nights.



And Amuse Your Offspring.

LONG AND SHORT.

He sat on a barrel, weeping.  
"What is the matter?" inquired a man who looked like a missionary.

"I'm a poet," replied the weeper.

"Oh, I see," said the missionary: "and the approaching Autumn makes you reflect, or rather throws you into a sentimental reverie. As you see the colored leaf descend to the sward, I presume you think of the time when you walked in the grand old forest with some pretty girl whose face you will never forget."

"That is not it, exactly; but, you see, I am six feet and a half high."

"And that is why you weep?"

"It is."

"Very strange," said the missionary: "most men like to be tall, and most women like tall men. The greatest gladiators in ancient Rome were men of great height and breadth."

"Yes; but I am a poet," responded the tall man, with a fresh avalanche of tears.

"And why should you not be both a poet and tall?" inquired the man, tenderly.

"Because," replied the poet: "because I am too big to fit into a hall-bedroom, and I am too impecunious to hire a large room, and that is the whyforeness of the thusly."

And the poet buried his face in his hands, and looked the picture of utter despair.

As the old gentleman walked up the wharf, buried in deep reflection, he saw another man weeping.

"What's the matter?" inquired the old man.

"I am only five feet high," responded the weeper.

"I suppose you fell in love with a girl who would not have you because you are not tall. If that is so, you should not weep. You ought to find consolation in the fact that many of the greatest men known to history were small. Now Napoleon was a little fellow—"

"I have not been disappointed in love,"

broke in the little man: "but I am out of employment at present, and—"

Here the little fellow broke down into an old-fashioned cry, and the aged individual took off his gold-rimmed glasses, wiped them, put them back, and said:

"Come, now, cheer up, and don't be down-hearted and glum. Every one has trouble at some time or other, and trouble is the test of a brave heart. The merchant who lives in affluence frequently loses by speculation, and has to parade Broadway in the rain, with the placard of a ten-cent restaurant on his shoulders. But,

by bravely facing the music, he finally gets a chance to keep a set of books for ten dollars a week. Now, why should you be weeping?"

The little man replied, sadly:

"Why, because I saw an advertisement in the paper this morning for a hundred men to take part in a new spectacular drama, and, after I traveled to the theatre, I was told that every man had to be over six feet high, and I couldn't get in, and that is what breaks me up."

And the old man walked up the street, wondering why it is that Fate smiles so erratically on men.

BILL SNYDER'S BOY.



DO YOU SEE that red-haired boy a-standin' over yender, With the ragged pants, dirty shirt and only one suspender? Well, now, yer 'd think, ter look at him, that he was meek and mild, But he's rougher than a cowboy, and twenty times as wild. Last night I took him with me down-stairs into the cellar, Ter help me draw some cider and git some apples mellar. I held the pitcher under the barrel, while he pulled out the plug, And the precious cider gurgled forth, ker-chug! ker-chug! ker-chug! When I 'd drawed about as much as any common man could lug, The boy looked kinder scared and said: "Say, pop, I've lost the plug. If yer want ter keep the cider in, just stick yer thumb right in it, While I go and find another plug—I 'll only be a minnit. Well, there I stood for more 'n an hour, a-holdin' in that cider, And I cussed that boy till the air was blue, as sure 's my name 's Bill Snyder.

At last I had ter give it up, for I had got my fill, And I pulled my thumb from out the hole and let the cider spill. Yer kin bet yer boots I licked that boy till he was black and blue, For I knowed that he was playing tricks, and I guess he knowed it, too.

Do yer see that thumb? Looks 's if 'twas dead—as white as this 'ere ceilin'.

I could stick a knife right through it; 't ain't got a bit of feelin'. There 's many a trick been played before on honest old Bill Snyder; But I never had a thumb, till now, git paralyzed on cider.

JNO. SMASHPIPE, JR.

## INSECT POWDER.

—Truth is stranger than fiction, and that is the reason that so many go short on it.

—The trouble with Love's Young Dream is that it too often turns out not to be a dream at all.

—The playing of Orpheus may have made the animals flock about him; but we are willing to bet that it didn't cut off a beef-steak and broil it.

—"I hate to appear mercenary," remarks Hafiz: "but I would like to discount my poetic immortality at ninety-nine per cent, and take it out in potatoes."

—The reindeer is swifter than the mule; but the mule can stand still and make himself more keenly felt.

—"I never poet of roses in the Spring-time," remarked Saadi, as he put ink over the yellow stain on his well-worn Derby: "Thirty cents a bud knocks the fire of genius out of me."

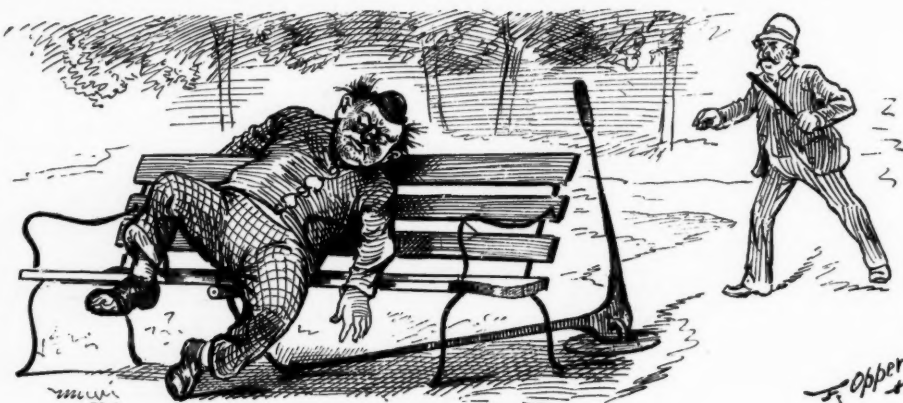
—The wind is commonly and poetically called a vagrant. This is probably the reason why, in the country, they catch it in wind-mills, and set it to work pumping water for railroad tanks.

—Lobsters, it is reported, are scarce and dear. This shows that the crustaceans are cultivating a decent dignity, and have some ambition to occupy the lofty position of the strawberry and asparagus-plant.

—Address a postal-card to "John Smith," paste the blank side on the wall, and the Seer of Jerusalem will come along at the head of an army, if necessary, and raze the building to ascertain what is on the back of that card.

—One-half of a sheet of paper may record the glowing thoughts of the poet, and the other half may fall into the hands of his washerwoman, and be used by her to make out his bill on. This is what is called the irony of Fate.

## Our Own Invention.—The Patent Park-Bench and Tramp-Awaker.



THE MACHINE IN REPOSE.



THE MACHINE IN ACTION.

## LINES

To a Young Lady Who Has Been so Unfortunate as to be Deprived,  
Through no Fault of Her Own, of the Perceptive Powers  
of Her Dexter Optic.

Maiden with the dark-blue eye,  
Fathomless as any ocean,  
Limpid as the Summer sky,  
Shall I tell thee, maiden, why  
I withhold my heart's devotion?

Eye like thine might animate  
Feelings that I could not smother,  
Love intense and passionate,  
If it *only* had a mate—  
If you *only* had another.

F. E. CHASE.

## A TWISTED TRACT.

A reformed minister tells the following story of his conversion:

"I was," said he: "for many years one of the most impenitent clergymen in my town, and I was despised for miles around on account of my hopeless piety. You cannot imagine the depth of my moral degradation at that time. I was universally known as Smith the Meek, from my habit of turning my other cheek to the man who had smitten one. Lower and lower I sank, as the years

rolled on. I presided at a peace congress, and openly defied popular sentiment by making a speech against war, and then running away when an officer in the army wanted to fight me for it. I had never owned a pair of boxing-gloves in my life, and I had never even known the sacred solace of swinging a club. At last, one blessed night, as I lay awake, in a mood of shameful peace, I heard a man in the next room of my boarding-house playing on the flute. As I listened, and the torturing sounds penetrated my brain, I felt a sudden strange new joy fill my soul. Ah, dear friends, rejoice with me, for it was the holy joy of fight! Ah, what a happy moment that was! I felt my old burden of sinfulness slip away from me like a garment. I rose to my feet, and, accoutred as I was in my night-robes, I stole softly down the stairs, entered the room of the flute-fiend, and challenged him to single combat. I knocked him out in one round, and from that day I was a better and a happier man. I very soon entered seriously into my new life, and began my studies for the ring. I am now, thanks to that blessed conversion, a happy prize-fighter, and I feel that I am doing some good in the world, by walking humbly, like Brother John L. Sullivan, in the footsteps of John C. Heenan and Thomas Sayers.

## A DEADLY GIFT.



HOW TO EXTERMINATE THE INDIANS IN A FRIENDLY MANNER.



A MAN ON the cars having several thousand dollars in greenbacks in his possession, and fearing to go to sleep sitting in his seat, on account of seeing some suspicious individuals in his neighborhood, slyly slipped his money into the Bible belonging to the train, and on the following morning woke up to find his capital gone, and to learn that the men who slept with their cash in their pockets hadn't lost a cent. This fable teaches us that while it is a good thing to be just sharp enough, it is very dangerous to be too smart, and that when the smart man gets left, he is the most colossally left man that ever was left.

A CRUEL OSWEGO critic speaks of a butcher who sells strings of sausage, and calls the latter a rosary of dog.

A BLOND BOOK-KEEPER should always be careful not to wipe his pen on his hair.

### A PLAINT

*From a Lover who Recognizes the Gallant Distinctions of our Social System.*



O Moses, Ikey, Abraham!  
Come listen to my tale,  
Und learn for w'y my rosy cheeks  
Vos grown so t'in un' pale.  
Oh, hear der shtory of a man  
Whose prain is in a vir,  
Vere love is valtzin mit a dream  
Of Solomon's eldest girl!

I don't take no more joy in nix,  
Who used to be so gay—  
I'm aebstent-mindet mit my sales—  
I gif dem pants away.  
I'd trade der best vot 's in der shop  
For shoost one sinkle curl  
Dot nestles in der heavenly bang  
Of Solomon's eldest girl!

Her hair is shoost as black as night,  
Un' lies in shining locks;  
Her lips are ret as shtrawberries  
At sefenty sents a box.  
She's fit to be die plushing pride  
Of a shenooinie Enklish earl—  
Oh, she's too high-up priced for me—  
Is Solomon's eldest girl!

I lofe her for her shparkling eyes,  
Dot makes her di'monds dim,  
Un' her hair as plack as dem noo pants  
I sold her broder Shim.  
I lofe her for her shell-like ears—  
Her teeth as vite as pearl—  
But I kess I lofe her solidest  
'Cause she 's Solomon's eldest girl.

P. O'HARA.

### SHE WENT SHOPPING, BLESS HER HEART!



WHAT SHE LOOKED AT.



WHAT SHE BOUGHT.



WHAT SHE GOT WITH IT.

THE WOMAN who will deliberately walk through a field full of strange cattle without exhibiting the slightest symptom of fear, will jump on a chair and try to swing herself on a chandelier to get away from a mouse.

IF A WOMAN desires to become conspicuous at the seaside, let her appear in the same dress twice. After this she will be well enough known to justify a publisher in bringing out her poems at his own risk.

THE COUNTRY COZEN—Charging ten dollars a week for board in a rickety farmhouse that lets in rain and lightning.

THE CORNUCOPIA is the horn of plenty; the cornet is the horn of too much.

A THRESHING-MACHINE—The School-Teacher.

### A HINT

*To One who Doesn't See the Advantages of Collaboration in Consolation.*



Calypso, you can *not* console  
Yourself for base Ulysses gone,  
Onward the rolling waters roll,  
The watery waters still roll on.  
But on no breeze the sound of oars  
Comes back to tell of him who fled  
When night had wrapped your island shores  
And love was dead.

The sea lies still as fair and sleek  
As though his false and fleeing prow  
Had never cleft a silver streak—  
How *could* he do it, anyhow?  
The west wind blows, the east wind blows;  
The south wind warm, the east wind cold,  
And still the pain of absence grows,  
All unconsolated.

Calypso, if you *can't* console  
Yourself for him who scorned your charms,  
Who was too blind to see the whole  
Sweet life of love was in your arms—  
Why—if you can't, another might,  
I'd really like to help you try,  
The task of solace shared is light—  
And here am I.

BASIL LEWES.

## IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

BETWEEN MR. PETTINGILL, OF SKENEATELES, N. Y.; A SHORT-SIGHTED STRANGER, AND MR. ANDREWS, OF SCHENECTADY, WHO USED TO PASS HIS VACATIONS IN SKENEATELES.

## I.

At the Corner of Broadway and 30th Street.

THE SHORT-SIGHTED STRANGER.—Why, how are you, Wilkinson?

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—I beg your pardon, sir; you have the advantage of me.

THE SHORT-SIGHTED STRANGER.—Why, bless my soul! I can't be mistaken. Ain't you Mr. Wilkinson, of Amherst, Massachusetts?

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—No, sir; you are in error. I am Mr. Pettingill, of Skeneateles, New York.

THE SHORT-SIGHTED STRANGER.—I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir. The likeness is something remarkable. Are you sure you are not connected with the Wilkinson family, of Amherst?

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—No, sir. My family has lived in Skeneateles, in the brick house below the bridge, for seventy years, and my Uncle is Paying Teller in the Bank.

THE SHORT-SIGHTED STRANGER.—Very stupid of me, I'm sure. I beg your pardon.

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—Don't mention it, sir.

THE SHORT-SIGHTED STRANGER.—Pray excuse me! Good-morning! [Catches a car going down.]

## II.

At the Corner of Broadway and 25th Street.

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—Why, hullo, Pettingill, how are you?

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—I beg your pardon, sir, you have the advantage of me.

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—Ain't you Mr. Pettingill, of Skeneateles—Teller Pettingill's nephew?

## HOW TO BEAT THE BUNCO-STEERERS.



LET OUR COUNTRY VISITORS PROTECT THEMSELVES AS ABOVE.

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—Certainly, sir; but I don't quite recall your face—

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—Don't remember me?—Andrews, of Schenectady? No? What—why, I used to pass all my vacations in Skeneateles—why, you remember me!

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—Well, now, come to think, I do seem to recall you.

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—Why, of course. Don't you remember how I used to

go down and see you at your place—lemme see—was it your house stood just below the bridge?—yes? Why, of course—course! Come down to see the town?

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—Well, yes, I thought I'd kinder take a look 'round. I'm sorter interested in building, and I want to see what you York fellows have been doing lately.

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—If you'll wait till I do a little business—come with me, can't you?—I'll show you around with pleasure.

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—Certainly, thank you. I believe you have some very large apartment buildings in New York—very high.

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—We do have some tall flats.

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—How tall?

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—Oh, eight or nine stories.

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—How high is that?

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—About a hundred feet.

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—Those are very tall buildings.

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—Yes.

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—If one of them were to fall on you, do you think you would tumble?

MR. ANDREWS, of Schenectady.—I'm afraid I've made a mistake—

MR. PETTINGILL, of Skeneateles.—Shouldn't wonder if you had. Here's my card—

Geo. W. Walling,  
Supt. Police.  
300 Mulberry St.

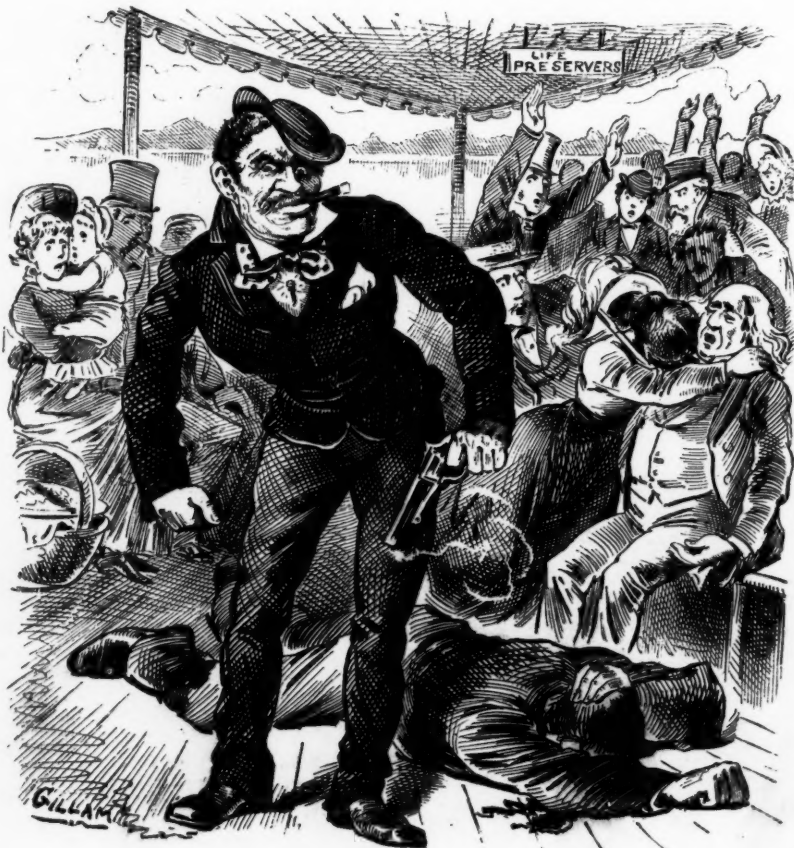


## SHADOWY.

I saw a heavy shadow hang  
His hat on the hat-tree;  
Out came a shadow with a bang  
To see if he was he;  
And then the shadows coalesced,  
What for I can't divine,

And then she said: "See how you've messed  
This nice lace tie of mine." N. C., Altoona.

## (THE) ROUGH ON PICNICS



ROUGH.—"No 'scurion' kin go widout me!"



OUR NEW BOARDER DISCIPLINED.



OUR LANDLADY.—“NOBODY EVER COMPLAINED OF THAT BED BEFORE, MR. SOFTBACK, AND IF IT DOESN'T SUIT YOU, I'M AFRAID WE SHALL HAVE TO LOSE YOU!”

PUCK'S PATENT PROVERBS.

—Never despise a bad coat—curse the tailor.  
—Youth is a curable disease, but freshness is practically immortal.

—The fool talks kindly to the mule, but the wise man instructs him with a club.

—Strike while the iron is hot, and you run the risk of having the sparks put your eyes out.

—No man knows where death's sting is, but every small boy knows just where the hornet's is located.

—The diamond is the stone for an engagement; but give us the old cobble-stone in a free fight.

—A soft word may turn away wrath, but nothing short of spike-toed boots will turn away a lightning-rod agent.

—A man may conquer the world and not be able to assume an expression of lamb-like innocence while dropping a lead nickel into the treasury department of a bob-tailed car.

—The man who will never purchase a book will borrow one whenever he can, but the man with attenuated fingers is always most successful in lifting a collar-button out of a crack.

—A fool will talk all day without expressing an idea, while many a man will express ideas enough in two seconds to prove that he is a fool; but when the carving-knife won't cut the Spring-chicken, use the hatchet.

—The wise man never dedicates his overcoat to a mendicant during the heated term, under the impression that he will be able to secure a new one when Winter sets in; but the mule kicks harder than the camel.

—Uneasy is the woman's head that wears no swell bonnet; unhappy is the Czar, whose clothing is made of metal and fastened on with rivets; but the unhappiest of all men is he whose suspenders break when he is waltzing.

—Man is like a pump. You have to pour water down the pump and whiskey down the man in order to get anything out of either. That is the reason it is less painful to let your porous-plaster wear off than to remove it with an oyster-knife.

—The woman who cheerfully carries coal up eight flights of stairs always has a spool of thread sent home in a great red wagon, so that her neighbors may see the smallness of the package and wonder what the diamonds cost; but brown sugar and yellow soap is the combination that appeases the asperities of a mosquito-bite.

A BREATH OF WINTER.

In thoughtful mood, I wandered yesterday  
Through tinted woods and meadows sere and brown,  
And, looking up at shifting clouds of gray,  
I saw the first pure snowflakes floating down.

Why did those tiny spirals sadden me?  
Was it because the Summer days had fled,  
Leaving behind a fragrant memory—  
And all the woodland flowers and ferns were dead?

It might have been! For, as I walked, I knew  
I felt an unaccountable regret—  
(The white straw hat and clothes of lightest hue  
I sported in warm weather, I wear yet!)

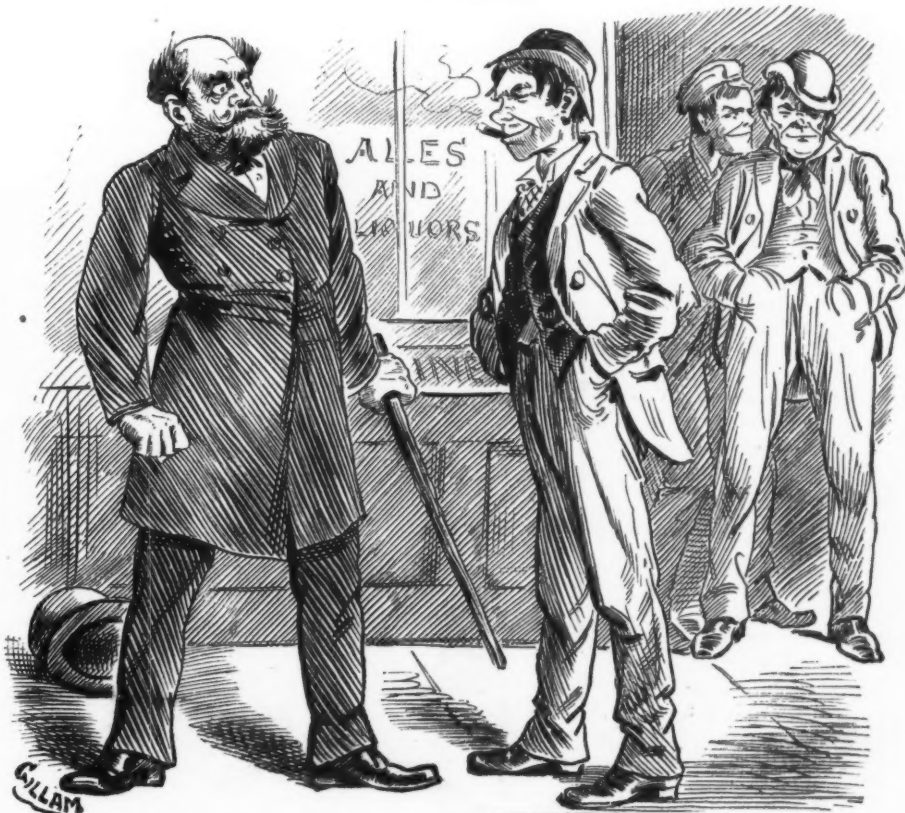
MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

ORNITHOLOGICAL.

A South American traveler recently returned to the North, and brought with him some kind of rare bird which he had trapped in Patagonia. The peculiarity of the bird was his bill. The bill was as much greater than the bird as the plumber's bill is greater than the plumber. The bird's long bill made him quite a nuisance. One day he was detected picking the lock of a writing-desk. On another occasion he was caught up-stairs. He had gone into Clara's room, and had taken out a box of new kid gloves that she had just received from Paris and had never tried on. The bird was sitting on the bureau stretching the gloves. He would run his bill down into the fingers, and suddenly open it, and the glove-fingers would spread out beautifully.

The bird seemed very happy; but when Clara entered the room she let off a shriek that you could sharpen a slate-pencil on, and grabbed the bird, and took him out and made him bore fresh holes in the ground for the croquet-stakes. After this she made him cut a lot of button-holes for her, and raise some objectionable nails out of the stoop, and open a box of sardines with his bill, all of which he did with peculiar ease and grace. One of his great habits, until recently, was to sit on the window-sill and crochet with his bill; but he got tired of this because he was expected to crochet for the family, and he stopped. Then he became vexed at something the South American explorer did to him, and he filled his bill with water, and squirted it out on the great traveler's shirt-front with the accuracy of a garden-hose. To make this unpleasant trick impossible, the explorer bored eight small holes in his bill in a row. And now the bird sits under his window at night, and places his talons over the holes, as a man does his fingers over the holes of a flute, and plays all the stale airs he can think of, and purposely plays them wrong to make them more hideous.

CANDOR.



INSULTED GENTLEMAN.—“YOU ARE INDEBTED TO MY COWARDICE, YOU YOUNG SCOUNDREL, THAT I DON'T KNOCK YOU DOWN!”

## ILLUSTRATING COUNTRY JOURNALISM.

## SPRING NOTES.

Bill Pritchard thinks he'll have to get a new butcher-wagon this Spring. We are glad that business is so good.—February 29th.

## BUSINESS JOTTINGS.

McKee & Purdy (whose card we print in another column) have put in an estimate on Bill Pritchard's new wagon.—April 9th.

## PERSONALS.

We hear that Bill Pritchard has given the contract for his new butcher-wagon to McKee & Purdy. He could not have done better, and we are glad there is no truth in the rumor that he was going to Clarenceville to get the job done.—April 16th.

## JOTTINGS ABOUT TOWN.

The new wagon for Bill Pritchard had the wheels tired yesterday at the shop of McKee and Purdy, on Main St. Jim McKee, the senior partner of the firm, did the work, although Bob Purdy got the water necessary to shrink the iron.—May 7th.

## CASUAL MENTION.

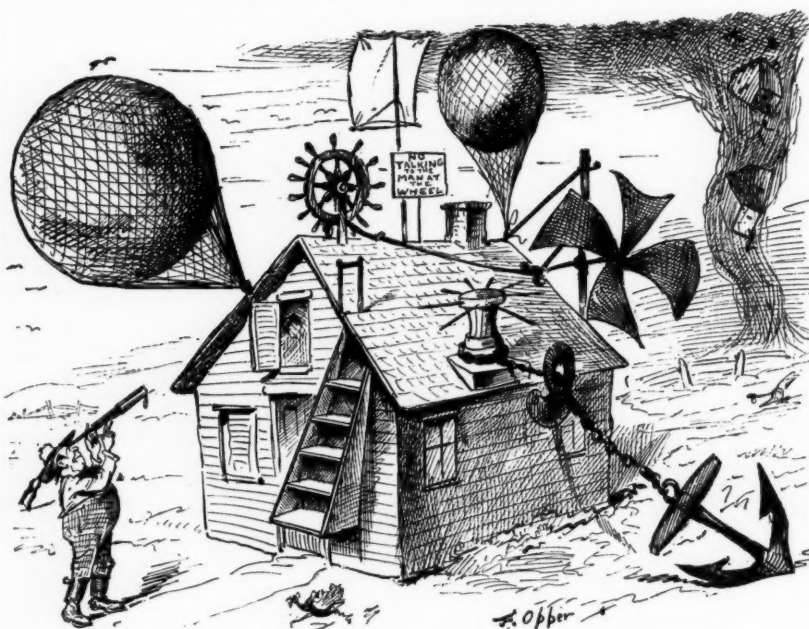
Bill Pritchard's new wagon received its first coat of paint yesterday at McKee & Purdy's shop. The body-color is a dull gray.—May 21st.

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

We are always glad to recognize and mention any attempt at home manufactures. We have long held the opinion, and we have freely expressed it, both in these columns in our capacity as journalist and in private among our acquaintances, that Whangdoodle needs manufactures to build her up. It will not be until men of money outside the town recognize our willingness to help ourselves that capital will come to take advantage of the unexampled facilities for investment of which Whangdoodle is full. It is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to the fact that a butcher-wagon for Bill Pritchard (who, in our advertising columns, calls the attention of our readers to his place of business) has been built by McKee & Purdy, the popular blacksmiths on Main Street, whose card we publish in another place. We are glad to know that the business of one of our advertisers has grown to such a point that he requires a new wagon, and we are proud of the fact that Whangdoodle could supply a firm in the persons of another advertiser to build it.—June 3d.

F. E. CHASE.

## A WESTERN NECESSITY.



WELL-PREPARED FARMER.—"NOW BRING ON YOUR CYCLONES!"

## DOWN THE SWITCHBACK.

Side by side we rode together  
On a clear October day,  
While the mountains, crimson-crested,  
Kept a royal holiday.  
Down the Switchback from Mount Pisgah  
We went speeding o'er the hills,  
With the golden sunlight flashing  
From the rippling mountain rills  
But the flashing and the glinting,  
And the blue of Autumn skies,  
Were but frosty in their beauty  
To the Summer of her eyes.  
Side by side we rode together,  
And I did not dare to wait,  
For she was seventeen and I  
Was turned of forty-eight.

So I whispered to her: "Darling,  
Let us travel, side by side,  
Down the grade of Life's long Switchback  
To the shoreless ocean's tide."  
But she looked away far over  
All the hills that lay between,  
To the distant, dim horizon,  
And her eyes were too serene  
As she said: "I like October,  
With its splendors of decay;  
But I like the Summer better,  
And the warm, sweet air of May."  
Thus we traveled down the Switchback,  
Thus I trifled with my fate:  
For she was seventeen, and I  
Was turned of forty-eight.

DAVID L. PROUDFIT.

## ASKING TOO MUCH.



PRESIDENT OF ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. (to Naval Officer).—"What! Insure you! Not much! We take no risks on the American Navy."

## ILLUSTRIOUS INITIALS.

We receive weekly 237,429 inquiries as to the real names of noted authors and other celebrities; and we take this occasion to answer a few of the many questions now on file.

Mr. E. V. Smalley is noted for his *Eternal Vigilance*.

Mr. J. L. Sullivan is spoken of as a Jolly Lambaster.

Mr. E. P. Roe is, in private life, Early Potato Roe.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert was christened Wilson Seedlings Gilbert.

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt has Some More Beer Piatt for a full name.

Mr. S. J. Tilden loves to be addressed as Senile Jumbo Tilden.

Mr. C. F. Adams is called Old Canton Flannel, when he is at home.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz, in her own family circle, is called Ante Meridian Diaz.

Mr. R. H. Stoddard is known among litterateurs as Raise Hades Stoddard.

Mr. W. D. Howells calls himself, in strict secrecy, 'Way Down Howells.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore is known as the Readymade Dolman—Maid of Sker. Fire!

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney was named after the American District Telegraph Company.

Mr. E. C. Stedman is proud of the private appellation of Early Closing Stedman.

Mr. O. B. Frothingham is sometimes reverently saluted as Over Board Frothingham.

Mr. S. S. Cox is frequently hailed by his Congressional associates as Short Stop or Sing Sing Cox.

Mr. T. S. Arthur is known to his intimate friends in temperance circles as Two Sours Arthur.

Mr. G. A. Townsend is Gum Arabic Townsend or Ginger Ale Townsend, when you know him well.

Mr. W. M. Evarts is not, as is popularly supposed, Walking Match Evarts, but Water Melon Evarts.

Mr. P. S. M. Munro is not Mr. Pacific Mail Steamship Munro, but Mr. Popular Science Monthly Munro.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth rejoices in the fact that she is sufficiently wealthy to Eat Doughnuts Every Night.

Mr. J. R. Osgood had the name of Jamaica Rum Osgood dealt out to him by his godfathers and godmothers.

Mr. G. P. R. James used to be known indifferently as Grand Pacific Railway or Gentlemen's Pants Renovator James.



WE'VE BEEN THERE OURSELVES.



IT IS ALL VERY WELL TO TALK ABOUT FEARLESS SOLDIERS AND FORLORN HOPES—



—BUT FOR REAL BRAVERY GIVE US THE MAN WHO CAN FIND HIMSELF IN THE ABOVE POSITION WITHOUT FLINCHING.

WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.

And now, behold, the time is at hand for the assembling of the disciples at the halls of learning, and the young students and them that are tackling the binomial theorem, and them that ride a bicycle in the morn and a pony in the afternoon.

And being assembled and met together, they labor much and are outworn with study; their heads are heavy, and the gray matter of their brains has waxed dull with much wrestling with Greek roots. And when night is come, lo, they are fain to refresh themselves; they yearn for the beer-shebang and for the haunts of them that sell beer, yea, even as a horse rejoiceth to run away with a milk-wagon or as a goat hungereth with great hunger after a circus-poster.

And, lo and behold, the evening cometh, and they are gathered together in the temple of the Great God Gambrinus, than whom is none greater in the land; and there is John of the Smithites, and Samuel of the tribe of Simms, and William which is of the house of Smith, and Jack of the tribe of the Robinsonites, and others of a like mind and in the same wise studious and pious, holy youths before the faculty.

And they say unto the priest who presideth over the temple, and the same is a right goodly man, and he cometh out of Bavaria, and he turneth over two kegs in an hour, yea, verily, they say unto him: "Go to now, boot thy boy, that he may be brisk and may fill us six steins, even half a score of steins less

four. And likewise get thou out thy largest slate, and somewhere about a pound and a half of chalk, for we have come for to make a night of it. Selah."

And when the six steins are emptied, lo and behold, they say unto that Bavarian: "Come, now, boot thou thy boy once again, that he bring us yet again six beers, for lo, we thirst

mightily and with a great thirst, even as a thirst for the love of holiness. Therefore enlarge thou thy slate and suspend it, for we thy guests are impecunious. But are not our fathers rich, and can they not afford it? Lo, now, shall we not sock it to them while that we are young?"

And they sock it to them."

And having made merry for the greater part of the night, yea, even until the slate will hold no more, the priest of that temple ariseth and saith unto those young men:

"Lo, now, the night waxeth diminutive, and the day getteth the bulge thereon. Therefore get ye forth of this, as many as are here present, and get ye either homeward or unto Halifax, which are considered as words of the same meaning in the creed."

And they all arise, the most of them arising off the floor, and the same are frescoed with sand and likewise with nicotine in solution.

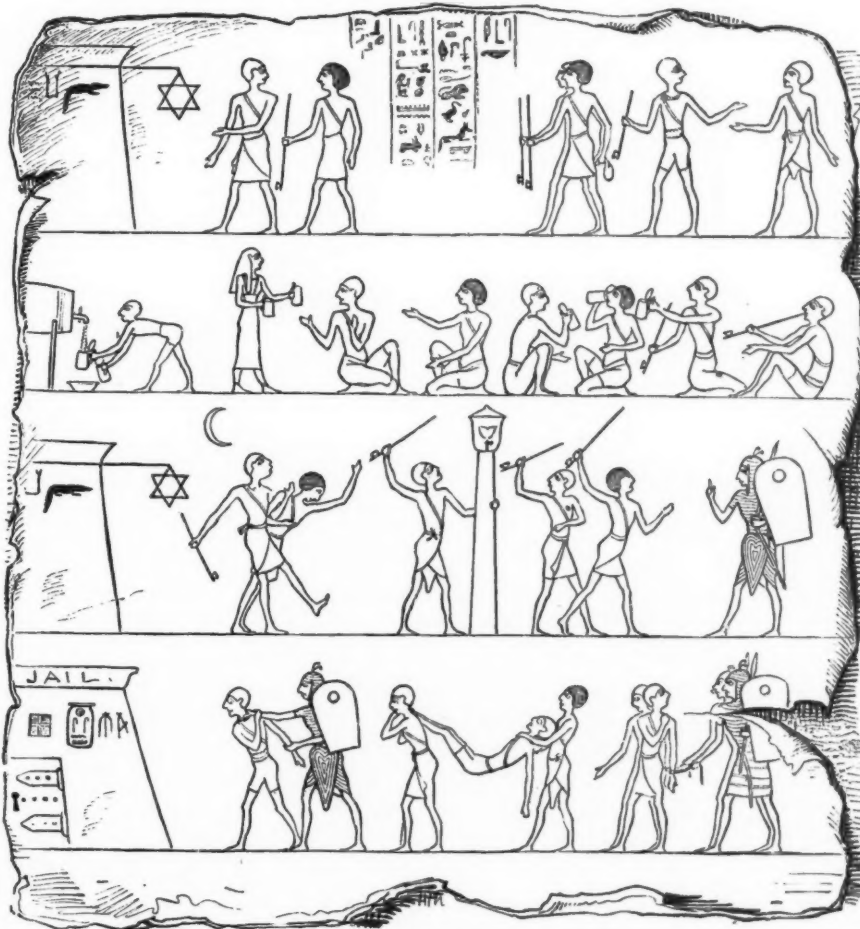
And they get them into the street, and they are exceeding merry, and in testimony thereof do they break the nearest gas-lamp.

And the cop appeareth, even the metropolitan policeman, and he staggeth them, and he getteth on to them, and he taketh them in.

And when the morning cometh, the Justice of the Court doth discourse unto those young men upon the error of their ways, and he fineth them ten trade shekels apiece.

And that evening the Justice suppeth at Delmonico's. Selah.

THE UNDERGRADUATES OF ANTIQUITY.



A BAS-RELIEF EXHUMED AT CAIRO.

## THE AMERICAN NOVELIST.

PUCK GIVES HIM A FEW STARTERS FOR THE MOST APPROVED STYLES OF FICTION.

The following fragments are offered to the American novelist in the hope that he may be induced to build upon them monuments of literary worth. PUCK makes no charge for them; but would be glad to receive a copy of every story which may blossom out of his suggestions. If accompanied by a note from the author—say at ninety days—he will accept the offering as a delicate compliment:

## INTO THE AMONGSTNESS.

A TALE OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

## CHAPTER I.

They were real *homey* people—the Cracklebraynes—and they came into what Ruth called “the amongstness” as readily and easily as if they had always belonged there. As for Ruth and Dakie Cracklebrayne, it was a settled affair from the first, and it all came about from a talk they had one evening on the piazza, just as the sun was sinking out of sight beyond the western hills.

“Oh! those clouds,” said Ruth, in an awe-struck voice: “they make one think of the far off gates—”

“Yes, and the crystal shore, and—the—the sweetsome tide,” chimed in Dakie, who had been ransacking his skull for an appropriate Scriptural verse.

Just then old Uncle Squaretoes hobbled into view, and said, as he placed a hand on each young head:

“The beyonds and the between shall meet, and the gates shall be opened, and they that hunger shall be a-thirst.”

[This is an excellent introduction for a story of the pie and piety school. No plot is necessary for a novel of this class. Introduce no characters but maudlin fools, and, in the last chapter, let the most atrocious feminine idiot give her hand in marriage to whatever fool takes the cake for sickly sentimentality.]

## QUITA.

A TALE OF VIRGINIA VALOR.

## CHAPTER I.

“Hold, there!”

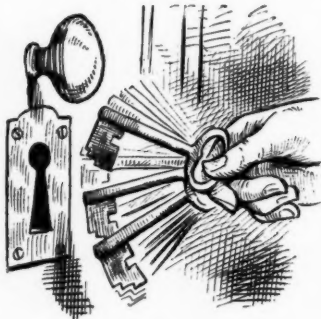
And as the slight figure of the beautiful girl, mounted on her coal-black steed, dashed wildly down the steep incline, a dark-haired young man, of all but colossal proportions, and with a strange marble pallor in his classic features, grasped the bridle, and brought the panting charger to an abrupt stop.

“Who are you?” cried the lady: “you are not one of my genlm-friends.”

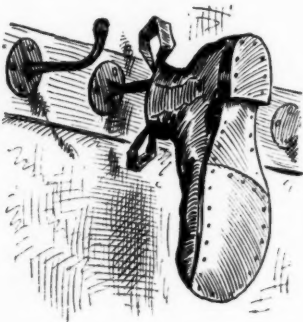
“I am,” he said, gravely; but in lordly and musical tones: “I am Guy de Rounceville Pemberton.”

[This is the beginning of a regulation Southern novel. Chuck in plenty of real old Virginia hospitality, a lot of grateful and devoted ex-slaves, make the people all say: “Like I did” and “gents” and “pants,” and make the hero save the heroine’s life by riding a horse down a crumbling precipice and snatching her out of a first-class freshet, and you are all right.]

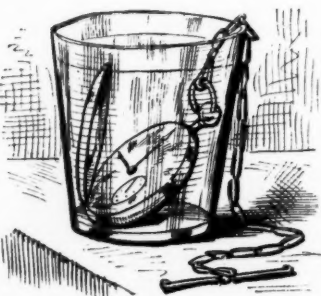
## PUCK'S FAMILY TEMPERANCE PRIMER.



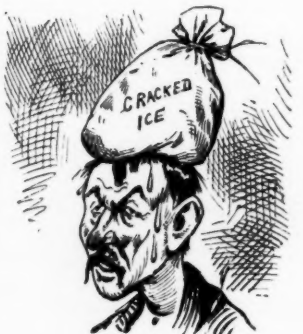
I.  
See the Key and the Key-hole. The Key can-not find the Key-hole.



III.  
But the Shoe is on the Peg.



V.  
Is the Watch un-der the Pil-low? No; it is Lodge-night.



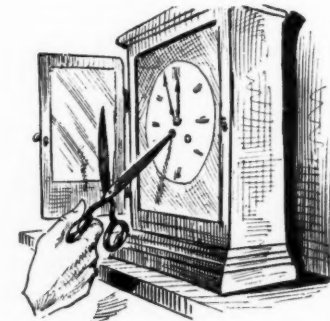
VII.  
A Man and a Bag. A Big Bag and a Big Head.



II.  
Is the Hat on the Peg? No; the Hat is on the Floor.



IV.  
See the False Teeth. They are un-der the Pil-low.



VI.  
It is a Clock and a pair of Shears. Can you wind the Clock with the Shears?



VIII.  
Can the man write? Well, I should smile.

## GIN AND BITTERS.

AN INTEMPERANCE TALE.

## CHAPTER I.

“Well, I don’t care if I do,” said Herbert Straightspine, as he entered a Gilded Haunt of Vice and glanced timidly about him.

“George, gimme a gin fizz,” said his companion and tempter, Charles Wadleigh, on whose invitation he had passed, for the first time in his young life, the swinging door which hid the patrons of “Duffy’s Shades” from the view of the passers-by. Herbert Straightspine shuddered as he stood at the mahogany bar and watched the reeling toppers who clustered about the lunch-counter. A voice wakened him from his reverie of better days long gone by.

“What’s yours, sir?”

“I’ll take a little gin and bit-ters,” said Herbert, and in that moment his downward career began.

[This story can be easily finished. After exciting his brain with the gin and bitters, Herbert and his abandoned friend adjourn to the billiard-saloon, and ere the evening has passed, the young clerk has expended a portion of his meagre salary on a package of cigarettes. It is now only necessary to trace his downward course through a series of heart-breaking misfortunes to the Drunkard’s Grave, which he eventually fills.]

## WILLY THE WAIF.

A TALE OF MISERY IN A METROPOLIS.

## CHAPTER I.

The bitter wind of Winter whistled through the streets and alleys of the great city. It moaned among the house-tops, and heaved huge drifts of snow along the icy streets. The ways were dark in the December midnight. Belated foot-passengers hurried shivering to their homes. Even the industrious chiffonier turned despairingly from ash-barrels frozen solid as a California millionaire. Alone in a vacant doorway, otherwise unprotected from the cruel blasts, crouched a shuddering child of perhaps a dozen years—

[Shudder the child through several chapters and fetch him out the son of an earl; or you may work the Democratic scheme, and let him rise by honest industry to affluence and the presidency of a savings-bank.]

THE SONG OF THE BANK CASHIER—“Call Me Not Dead When I Indeed Am Gone.”

A WOMAN is always most busily engaged at packing a trunk when the expressman calls for it.



# JUDICIAL DECORUM IN JOYOUS DAKOTA.



HIS HONOR.—“Gentlemen, the Court having succeeded in partially restoring order, we will go on with the case!”

## RECREATIONS IN SCIENCE.

PROFESSOR ROBINSON says that man is developing backward in the organs of locomotion; but the Professor never saw an American bank cashier lighting out for liberty with a couple of detectives uncomfortably close in his rear. And we infer that he never witnessed a professional base-ball match in this country.

IT IS asserted that if the atmosphere were removed from the earth, its surface would receive more heat and yet be much colder. This is reliable, if true; but if any scientific sharp undertakes to remove our atmosphere, shoot him on the spot. Its removal would prove fatal to many weak-lunged persons, and boom the undertaking business.

AN ENGLISH medical expert says that baldness is contagious. Theatrical managers recognize this fact, and during an entertainment of the “Excelsior” or “Black Crook” brand they quarantine all the bald-heads on the front seats, in order that the contagious disease may not spread throughout the audience. Theatrical managers spare neither labor nor expense in order to make their patrons feel secure and comfortable.

THE ROTATION of the earth shows a retardation, and the day must gradually increase until it is as long as a lunar month, when telegraph operators and street-car conductors will be asked to work three hundred hours a day for two dollars, and no extra compensation for night-work. Certain monopolists, whose works are partially idle on the Sabbath, will petition Congress to have a few hundred hours amputated from Sunday and added to the week-days.

“IF A STAR of the twelfth magnitude were to be at this moment blotted out of existence, it would be visible three thousand five hundred years to come.” This may be so; but we don’t suppose many of our readers will try the experiment, however interesting it might be. It is some satisfaction to know, however, that when the average theatrical “star” of on-the-road magnitude is annihilated by empty houses, he or she doesn’t continue visible for three thousand five hundred minutes.

## SYLVESTER EVE.

I know the figure at my door  
Those tricky Poets have been bringing,  
An Old Man, wandering nevermore,  
Whose knell Sylvester bells are ringing.

His head by Autumn wreath is crowned,  
And down his robe Spring flowers are twining;  
Its sleeves, by Summer sun embrowned,  
Hold song-birds nested in their lining.

I know this figure quick they’ll shelve,  
And bring another far more tender;  
Soon as the clock-hands meet at twelve,  
The New Year by a babe they’ll render.

Go, take your figures both away!  
Your Fancy’s false or growing colder—  
I’m younger in the Old Man’s stay,  
And when the baby comes I’m older.

A. R. G.

## ON THE SUMMER HOTEL PORCH.

The twilight was creeping softly on, and the spirit of rest was descending sweetly on field and flower. The wood-dove had sought its cosy nest in the lipping draperies of the forest, and the brook babbled its lazy monotone to the breeze-swayed sunflower. Along the margin of the hazy wood the gorgeous tiger-lily nodded to the golden-rod, and evening’s delicate veil of mist was occasionally punctured with fire-flies.

The blue-eyed maiden was sitting among the roses that clambered up the porch of the farmhouse where she was summering, watching down the viney country road for her lover. Her richly-jeweled fingers were reposing between the pages of a volume of Tennyson’s poems, which her lover had presented her last Christmas.

“Heigh-ho, I am weary!” she murmured, musically.

And still the book lay imprisoned in her snowy grasp, and she stroked the amber curls from her alabaster forehead with studied negligence, and looked dreamily out across the fields of rye and wheat that rippled like a Summer sea. It was too dark to see down the road any longer, and she sat filled with anxiety, and seemed offended at old Bob White, as he industriously advertised himself from every treetop. But finally her vigil was rewarded. On the silent bosom of the odorous night she heard a sharp clicking sound. It was the gate-latch. In another moment he was at her side, as happy and care-free as the innocent babe that laughs in its mother’s eyes.

“There is but one chair here,” she said, after the usual salutation of lovers, and, pointing to the large rustic rocking-chair in which she had been sitting, continued, smilingly:

“You might sit at my feet.”

“Certainly,” he replied.

And, putting on his hammock-hat, he swiftly cleared the fence, and, sitting on the dreaming daisies in the next field, placed his back against the toe of her shoe, and filled with ineffable delight the soul of that sweet, fastidious Chicago belle.

A YARD-STICK—The Clothes-Pole.

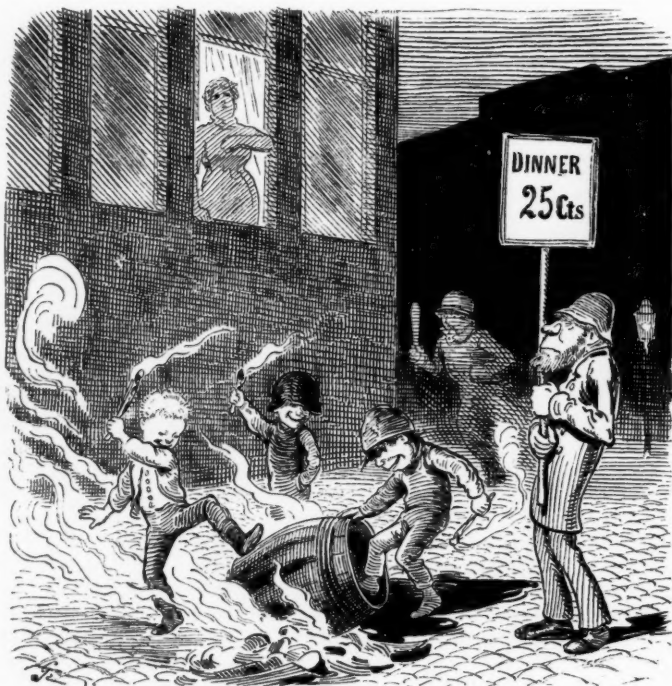
## CASTE IN THE COUNTRY.



PROPRIETOR OF SUMMER HOTEL.—“I should feel honored by the presence of yourself and family at our hop this evening, Mr. Littlehouse.”  
HAUGHTY SUMMER RESIDENT.—“Excuse me, sir, but we ‘cottagers’ do not care to associate with common hotel boarders.”

## THE TOUR OF THE DISTINGUISHED TRAGEDIAN

[As He Reported It in His Letters.]



"THE TOWN IS ILLUMINATED IN OUR HONOR."

## THE BABY IN THE CAR.

"Ah-ah-ah-ah—w-a-g-h!"

There is a baby in the car!

The old gentleman on the fifth seat, front, turns around with the slow exasperation of age, and fixes his filmy eyes full upon the scarlet face of the infant. His thin lips are slightly parted, and an expression of the most intense disgust is stamped upon his parchment-colored features.

"Uh-uh-uh-uh—a-h—a-h-h!"

Two drummers spread out their overcoats, satchels and newspapers over a section of six seats on the pleasant side of the car, and disappear across the platform, holding tightly to their hats in the fierce wind.

"Aha-aha-aha—a-h-h!"

"Drat the baby! Can't you keep it still?" asks the man in the second seat, front, as he throws down his paper in a badly-rumpled condition, and paces nervously back and forth, with his hands in his pockets, between his seat and that occupied by the infant and its mother.

"Sh-sh—there—there!" croons the poor woman, holding the baby close to her bosom, and rocking back and forth: "There, there—coo, coo."

"W-a-g-h—w-a-g-h!"

There is an old maid sitting eight seats in advance, on the opposite side of the car. Until now she has maintained a profile like a sphynx, as her stony eyes ran to and fro across the lines of a railroad library edition of the "History of the Nineteenth Century." Suddenly she drops the book in her lap, and, turning sharply about, fixes her cold, stern gaze, not upon the infant's suffused puff-ball, but upon the pale, weary face of the mother.

There are volumes in that gaze! Were it to be translated into full and adequate language, it could not be contained in nine portly folios of solid agate type. All the bitterness and the sweetness of single blessedness; all the phariseism of self-righteous irresponsibility; all the indignation of comfortable independence disturbed by the what-might-have-been-expected result of weak sentimentality; all the chancicleer-like exultation of triumphant Mary-Walker-ism; all the meek mulishness of smooth-haired, I-told-you-so, got-the-mitten-edness. She looks straight at the faded-out little woman with the blooming infant, and the steel bows of her spectacles bristle with steel glances, like a couple of quivers full of barbed arrows.

"That woman ought to be ashamed of herself!"

Then one of the drummers returned with an orange, which he put into the chubby hands of the infant.

A look of utter astonishment passed into the small face, transforming a woful grimace into an expression half-way between a peach and a twinge of the colic. A solitary tear, which had been evolved during the spasm of lamentation, trickled down the puffy cheek, and the little nose was already twisted with the approach of another cyclone of grief.

But the orange prevailed. A gleam of unutterable satisfaction fell upon the mournful territory of the tear—like a sunbeam on a rainy landscape—and the baby laughed!

Then there was great rejoicing in the car. The old gentleman went peacefully to sleep; the business man resumed his paper; the old maid returned to the "Nineteenth Century"; and the drummer took the six reserved seats, with the blessing of all the passengers on his head.

PAUL PASTNOR.

## MY LADY COMES

My Lady comes! O Cupid fleet,  
Guide swiftly near thy dimpled feet,  
For sudden all the dark sad way  
Of my poor life seems fraught with day!  
My Lady comes! O joy!—O bliss!  
I would not trade rich gems for this  
One opportunity to see  
A face where all bright beauties be!  
Gay birds, cool winds, great pansy bunches,  
Damp mead, wherein the cow low munches  
Her toothsome aliment, I know  
Your charms are ever dear; but, oh,  
No ravishments within you lie  
When my sweet Lady saunters by!  
She nearer draws; and faintly glimmer  
Blue eyes through mists of lace which dim her  
Young graces—desperate work of Fate  
To grieve my sight insatiate!—  
And near, sweet, sweet strain that hums  
("My Lady comes—my Lady comes!")  
Announcement of her lightsome trip.  
She stops. Sweet Venus, come and dip  
In flower-heads my languid heart—  
Oh, hide me with consummate art  
In some pink bed of blushrose petals!  
She lifts her veil—O love-sharp nettles,  
Why prod me so with joy-thrills—What!  
Great Jove! it cannot be—'tis not—  
And yet it is!—O bitter pill!—  
My washerwoman with her bill!

EDWARD WICK.



THE PHILADELPHIA Record says freckles are an adjunct to beauty. If this is the case, why is it that the country photographer makes the farmer come out as fair as a lily, when he is covered with freckles the size of buttercups or five-dollar gold-pieces?

ALL THE new California millionaires are in Europe laying in their stock of old masters; and Murillo and Michael Angelo and the Raphael Chromo Works in Rome are running night and day, with extra hands on oils and canvas.

## THE "BELT BOUQUET"



SEEMS TO BE GETTING LARGER EVERY DAY. PUCK RESPECTFULLY ASKS HIS LADIFRIENDS WHERE IT IS GOING TO STOP.



THE ECONOMICAL CRANK.  
SOME OF HIS SWEET AND SOCIABLE SAVING WAYS.



Cheaper to read some one else's paper than to buy one of his own.



Every economical man his own office-boy.



One-legged trousers, half-price.



Gives his company plenty of conversation, but no refreshments.



ECONOMICAL CRANK.—"Give me half-an-oyster on the deep shell, please!"



One orchestra-chair is enough for two.

WHY?

THE LOVER TO HIS FRIEND.  
Why does Kate detest me so,  
When in every way I show  
How I love her—yet there 's no  
Sign of reciprocation?  
Amorous notelets I indite,  
Broken-hearted sonnets write,  
Watch her windows every night,  
But get no consolation.

When we meet I blush and sigh,  
Fix a melancholy eye  
On her as she passes by,  
And watch her disappearing.  
When we talk I always press  
My deep love and wretchedness,  
Suing for one smile to bless  
My life—or word endearing.

Surely no man could do more;  
But, as cruel as before,  
She continues to ignore  
My suit, except to scout it.  
You, they say, are woman-wise;  
Can you possibly surmise  
Where the cause of failure lies?  
What do you think about it?

HIS FRIEND.

Why does Kate detest you so?  
What you 've told should make  
you know!

A CONNECTICUT MINISTER  
has denounced the time-honored custom of kissing at church sociables. That is all right; nobody wants the ministers to do the kissing; we will do it ourselves.

ADVICE TO THE SUMMERER.



IF YOU WISH TO MAKE A BIG IMPRESSION, SAIL IN AS ABOVE FROM THE STATION.

INSECT POWDER.

The roar of a cannon is music; but the rasp of a hand-organ is not.

The snow is a judgement. It is made in heaven to upset miserable sinners.

In the Spring the farmer tills his fields; in the Summer the potato-bugs eat the ripening crops.

Many a handsomewallow-tail hasn't a satin lining, and some ready-made trousers that are noted for their beauty have no lining at all.

The reason boarding-houses are such terrible institutions is because it was originally intended that every man should have a home of his own.

Many a beauteous rosebud never bursts into blossom, and many a small boy climbs the golden stair under the auspices of the toy-pistol.

It is quite possible to have a genuine feeling of love for a wealthy girl, because some rich damsels are worth loving. Many men have been sold on poor girls.

It is nobler to owe the government four millions of dollars than a washerwoman fifty cents.





# A BUNCH OF LETTERS.

They are tied with a faded blue ribbon  
That begins to give token of age,  
And a musty-like odor arises  
As I turn o'er each closely-penned page,  
And I sit with my feet to the fire,  
And read from beginning to end,  
Till "My dearest," "My fondest," "My truest"  
Fade away to "Forever your friend."

They are crowded with terms of endearment  
That tell of a passionate heart;  
They are brimming with words of affection  
And a fragrance of love from the start;  
Each sentence seems laden with perfume,  
Each line as if set in a frame,  
And the words at the end of each letter  
Seem the dearest that mortal could name.

I read of slow walks in the moonlight,  
That seemed planned by the kindness of Fate,  
Of tête-à-têtes on the veranda,  
Of lingering adieus at the gate;  
Of hints, only hints, of soft kisses,  
That were far too seraphic to last;  
Of suggestions of treasured caresses  
In those joy-sceptered days of the past.

But I carelessly ponder them over,  
And I quietly gaze in the fire,  
And all the sweet words I've been reading  
Can arouse no sweet tunes to my lyre,  
And my heart at that past-time affection  
Has not stirred since the reading began;  
For the whole precious series of missives  
Belong to another man.

A. S. KIMBALL.

# THE STAGE AT SEA.

*Anticipated Localettes of Our Rural Contemporaries.*

- Opéra-bouffe on the canal to-night.
- A new bowsprit is being put on the Lyceum Theatre.
- The Snowflake Minstrels were delayed by a head-wind, and did not reach here in time for a performance.
- The three-masted theatre, Count Johannes, anchored at the dock this noon, and will open to-night with "Hamlet."
- Owing to the large size of the audiences at the Amanda and Jane, an extra gallery has been rigged up among the top-masts.
- The Mary Ann Theatre sprung a-leak in

the first act last night. The audience left the parquette in boats. It was two o'clock before the gallery was taken off.

—While laughing at a minstrel-joke, last night, our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Mr. George McNickle, fell overboard. A scene was thrown to him. With difficulty he was rescued.

—A policeman has been stationed in the mizzen-mast of the Sally Johnson to keep order. It is hoped that the actors on the stage will no longer be disturbed by cat-calls from the students.

—A theatre drawing eight feet of water will be in Pondunk next week. All the good theatres have hitherto given this town the go-by. We have had enough of theatres which draw only four inches of water.

—The play of "Pygmalion and Galatea"

was interrupted in the second act last night. The prompter had fallen out of one of the port-holes. He swam ashore on Frog Point. A new prompter was got and the play went on.

—An audience, which filled the Sarah and Mary from coal-bunker to top-mast, assembled last night to see Bartley Campbell's new play, "The Black and Blue Slave." It is a good play. Every one should see it. Order your skiff at ten.

—An interesting case is trying in the courts. Can the refusal of an actor of a "floating theatre" to play be construed as mutiny? It is notorious that several prime-donne have recently been kept on bread and water and a cracker a day for refusing to sing.

—The Narragansett, of the Fall River Line, sank a boat in the fog this morning supposed to be the Pat Rooney Combination. —LATER.— Pat Rooney is safe. Fritz Emmet, billed in several towns, has failed to appear. Many fear the old advocate of abstinence has got too much water at last.

—The fishing-smack Lucy reports the Bijou Comic Opera Company ashore on Little Sea-Gull Island. The masts of the opera-house went by the board at one o'clock in the morning. The actors burned red-lights for two hours. At three o'clock they took to the flies and the wings. Ten people floated ashore in a proscenium-box. Five persons were saved in the long-boat, and eight on the bass-viol. The soprano drifted to land on a sky-border. The leader of the orchestra was picked up floating on the bass-drum. The manager came ashore on the music-score. The company have been on the Island three weeks, but have regularly drawn their salaries.

L. H. TUPPER.

THE WAY of the transgressor is hard. The wages of sin is death. A soft answer turneth away wrath. A kind word is a golden gem. We reprint these axioms for the benefit of the base-ball player. He should repeat them, and think of them when he is running with might and main through a swamp after a ball that has just been knocked away out into the morass.

THERE IS one grief that time does not heal—a woman's first wrinkle.

# A DESPERATE REMEDY.



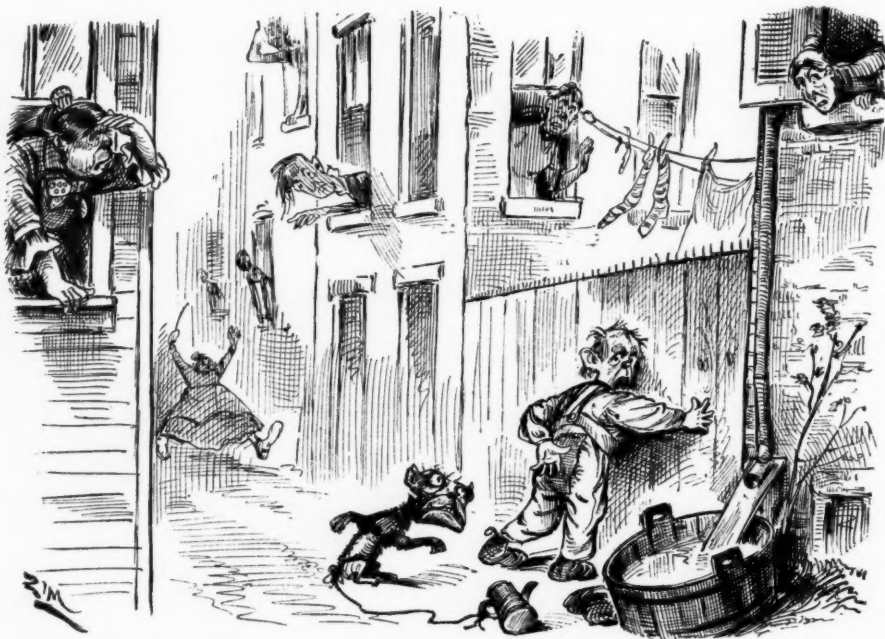
MUSEUM MANAGER:—"I tell you what it is, Murphy, business is mighty dull, an' we've either got to git up a weddin' between you an' Maggie or close the show—take yer choice!"

# SUMMER RESORT PIETY.



WHAT THE SACRED SEASIDE IS COMING TO.

## MIXED MAMAS.



MINGLING OF MOTHERS WHEN A CHILD CALLS "MA!" IN MORMONDOM.

## POLITICS IN ASHTOWN.

"Good-mornin', Misther McCue."  
 "So 'tis, bedad, barrin' the rain, Misther Crinmin."

"Aisy wid ye, sorr; yez are always afther havin' yer foon, Misther McCue. An' now that yez are an Aldherman, sorr, Oi presume yez wud be above dhrinkin' wan whuskey sthraight wid an ould frind?"

"Patsy, me b'ye, Oi am niver above dhrinkin' whuskey wid me conshtitooants. Oi'm wid yez."

This conversation occurred one morning recently, when the Hon. Barney McCue, the Alderman representing the Goatville and Ashtown districts, was about to start for the day's work at the City Hall.

Alderman McCue was the combination candidate of the St. Patrick Club and the Holy Order of Bridgets. Tammany Hall had been losing its power by degrees on account of a too strict policy on the part of its managers, and had been superseded by the clubs aforementioned, who, by uniting upon McCue as their candidate for Aldermanic honors, had driven Bragin, the Tammany Hall candidate, from the field. The only issue between the two was the tariff.

Bragin, who resided in Ashtown, which occupied the blocks bounded by Riverside Avenue and the Boulevard, between Garbage Cliff and the Insane Asylum, desired to compel the local authorities to fix a duty upon every head of Goatville live-stock that entered Ashtown for the purpose of feasting upon the tomato-cans and circus "ads" which, by years of constant accumulation, had become the pride of his constituents. This would have been a very expensive matter, for Goatville was situated right across the Boulevard from Ashtown, and it would have cost a large amount to establish custom posts along the coast-line, to say nothing of the immense power which the newly organized Civil Service would give to the successful party.

McCue opposed this measure. Being a resident of Ashtown, and knowing that the herds of his constituents gained their subsistence from the Goatville pastures, he saw that it would seriously affect the wealth of his native, or rather naturalized land. He threatened retaliation,

and stated that if the Goatvillains put a duty on Ashtown live-stock, Ashtown would fix a heavy tariff on the products of the only sample-room within ten blocks, which belonged to McCue himself, and was situated in Ashtown. Upon this issue Bragin was defeated, and McCue was sent to the City Hall to legislate for the people.

Crinmin was a man of no ordinary level-headedness, and had worked very hard in the last election for both parties, so that, whichever side won, he was solid with the powers, and secured a good berth for his labors—to

read novels in one of the reservoir houses in Central Park. This was comparatively very light work, he having been previously employed in pounding paving-stones at the Government Offices at Sing Sing on the Hudson.

As the Alderman and his henchman entered the saloon, Crinmin asked:

"Well, Misther McCue—the loikes av me callin' yez *Misther*, whin it waz Patsy an' Barney when we come over on the *Brutunnic* foive years ago—how does the coompletion av the perlutical situation commind itsilf to yez?"

"Arrah, Patsy, Oi, far wan, ain't satuswhied. Luk at t'aim fellys doon thayr in the Bard. Phwat are they, Oi ask yez? Nothing but carpet-baggyers; an' whin a sutizun loike mesilf goes doon thayr wid a clane recard—savin' six months on the Oisland for beatin' Missus McCue number wan, peace to her sowl—an' whin Oi roon far Prisident, phwat happens? The blagyards git oop a did-lock."

"A phwat-lock?"

"No! A did-lock. Wan av thim things that cooms up whin, as the ould sayin' goes, 'thayr's six av the wan an' half-a-dozen av the other.' Whin thayr's wan of thim things, thayr ain't no thimpery organization, no foinancial dis-cooshun, no elemintery confusion, an', phwat's wurrus, no Prisidincy far wan who has sarved his counthry frum the toime he honored it wid his prisince to the toime he scooped the ballots av the Ashtown-Goatville disthricht. But, Patsy—an' thayr's always a 'but'—Oi know phwat Oi'll do. Ye know O'Brien—Jimmy O'Brien? Oi'm a frind av his, an', phwat's moor, he's a frind av moine. I'll bring him doon thayr, an' see phwat he can do wid that did-lock. Moi axperience taches me that it's a dum poor Jimmy phwat can't bust a lock. Well, here's to yez. An' now gud-day!"

And as McCue left the bar, Crinmin remarked to the tender:

"Be the powers, he's smarrut! Phwat larnin' he has, bedad! Yez can't shtick him an ouny soobjct, fram the turruff for revinyou to the prinsupuls av demoralization."

J. K. BANGS.

## SOCIAL PROBLEM.



WHY DOES A MAN DRESS UP HIS WIFE FOR OTHER MEN TO RUN AFTER—



AND THEN HAVE THE TRADESMEN RUNNING AFTER HIM?



ASTONISHING SHRINKAGE IN VALUE.



Jones Family at Long Branch—Big with Importance and Sea-Air.



Jones Family at Home—Visible Collapse and Evaporation of Airs and Decided Dwindling of Importance.

ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE.

"If," asked the late Professor Agassiz of his head student: "four quarts of whiskey will fill a demijohn, and four of those demijohns will fill four terriers, what will the four terriers fill before morning?"

"Four cells, sir," replied the ingenuous lad.

"BROTHER," said the Dean of Eastminster to the Dean of Westminster: "what does the prayer-book mean by 'whirled without ead'?"

"Eternally gyrated, I suppose," was the response.

"ANTONY," said Cleopatra to her lover: "I attended Mrs. Pharaoh's kettledrum this afternoon. Now, how do you think they started the wheel of conversation there?"

"Some fellow spoke," suggested Antony, as he placed his feet on the mantel.

"K. K. —kwite korrekt," added Cleopatra.

"If," said the Emperor of Russia to Disraeli: "your mother-in-law had lived with you for a number of years, and had forgotten to pay her board, and you wanted to get rid of her as speedily as possible, what would you do?"

"I think," replied Disraeli, as he placed his fore-finger on the side of his nose: "I would give her her meals in the immense dining-room of the Winter Palace."

GALILEO found his favorite poodle chewing the leaves of a copy of "Mitchell's Astronomy."

"Even the dogs," said he:

"love the subject. I will name the next star I find after him."

As he was serious, he went out that evening, picked up a star, and called it the dog-star.

"Do you know," said Prince John Van Buren, at a banquet one evening at the White House: "that I hate long-winded orators at a public dinner when the toasts are proposed?"

"Why?" asked the person addressed.

"Oh, it makes so long a time between the drinks."

ARTHUR LOT.

PUCK'S RURAL LOCALETTES.

—Miss Mabel Halleck Smith has been writing charming verses for the *Edgecourt Chronicle* for the past few years. And all who have had the pleasure of reading her dainty poems will heartily join with her many friends in their urgent appeals to her to collect and bring them out in book-form.

—Remember that Miss Luella Temple gives dramatic readings at the Methodist Church on Tuesday evening. After hearing her recite "Sheridan's Ride," it is stated that Sara Bernhardt kissed Miss Temple. Now is the time to secure seats.

—While Miss Mudgitt was reading a book under the horse-chestnut tree in front of her father's house on Lorne Street, last Wednesday afternoon, at about five o'clock, a caterpillar fell down her neck.

—Joel Thompson brought in some strawberries raised on his place and laid them on our table. They were larger than acorns. Joel is one of our best citizens, and he ought to be pushed for Selectman.

—Annie Jones lost the amethyst out of her ring while walking to the dépôt last week. Annie will take music-lessons in New York next Fall, it is reported.

—A stray cow opened Joice's gate with her horns one day last week, and before she was detected she trampled the beds and destroyed some young trees.

—A gray eagle was seen the other day hovering over Green Pond.

—Dr. Meeks will read a paper on pigs at Town Hall shortly.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.



IF THE YOUNG MAN WILL NOT SEE THE ICE-CREAM SIGN, HE MUST BE MADE TO SEE IT!

## INSECT POWDER.

—No man knoweth what the core of the apple may be; but rash investigation is apt to spoil the world.

—To thoroughly enjoy wealth, one must have had a darksome past of thrice-ironed hats and red-flannel-patched cassimeres.

—If suspenders would only keep up a man's reputation as well as they do his trousers, politicians would wear about ten pairs apiece.

—The man with the cheap watch is careless of the flight of time; but the gentleman with the gold chronometer keeps a record of every quarter-hour.

—Saadi once observed that although his girl said he was the sweetest poet in Persia, he could never get her to masticate one of his lyrics and be contented, when she wanted ice-cream.

—God may have made the country and the devil the town; but they must have changed off when it came to constructing the men who keep eligible Summer boarding-places and creating New York girls.

—A bald head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness. "But," observed Mustapha Khayyam: "the way of righteousness does not lead to the front seat on the centre aisle at the female minstrel show."

—"There is one thing I like about the present style of hats," said Omar, as he brushed his silker with a curry-comb: "when they are worn out you can use them for waste-baskets. But then, on the other hand, I am a poet, and not an editor."

—The auctioneer talks like a circus-poster, and makes more noise than a whirlwind; but he doesn't tell as much truth in ten years as George Washington did in the few seconds' interview he had with his paternal parent on the subject of the cherry-tree.

—Zuleika the milkmaid was a beautiful and poetic creature, but she agitated the pump-handle more for the purpose of modifying the milk than in her own personal behalf, and so Haroun van Khosroes married a perfumer's daughter in the city of Teheran.

"I do not say," remarked Omar Khayyam: "that Ali Bazam, my hereditary enemy, has any hirsute deposits on his chewing apparatus; but I do assert, without fear of contradiction, that at some time in his life he committed the fatal mistake of using hair-restorative as a dentifrice."

## SPRING-CHICKEN MINING OPERATIONS AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.



DRILLING FOR A BLAST.

## ARMS AND THE MAN.

In the light of the moon they sat on the beach—  
And where was the harm?

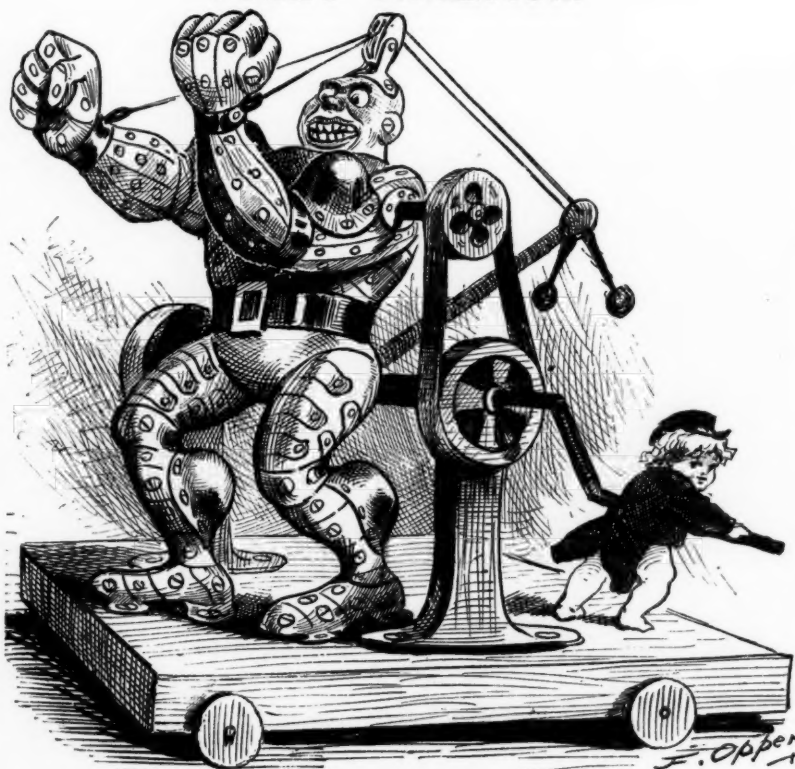
For perhaps he was trying that maiden to teach  
All about the bright stars, and the names we give each  
Or perhaps he was turning his hopes into speech—  
But where was his arm?

Now that maid seemed to have a rather fair form—  
But what hid her waist?

Well, perhaps 'twas to shield her from some coming storm,  
Or perhaps 'twas to keep that dear maiden warm,  
Round the waist of that maiden's rather fair form  
His arm he had placed.

A. L.

## PUCK'S CHAMPION.

BRING ON YOUR POETS, BOOK-AGENTS AND CHARITY FIENDS, AND WE WILL  
"KNOCK 'EM OUT."

## PUCK'S TITLE-TIPS.

- "Under Two Flags"—The Pole.
- "Thrown Together"—The Dice.
- "Hints from Horace"—Go West.
- "White Lies"—Artificial Lilies.
- "American Notes"—Greenbacks.
- "Juliet's Guardian"—The Nurse.
- "Palace of Truth"—Puck Office.
- "For Lack of Gold"—Paper Money.
- "The Cry of the Children"—Ga ga.
- "Bleak House"—The Minstrel Hall.
- "A Woman's War"—Over the Fence.
- "The Field of Ice"—Rockland Lake.
- "In Silk Attire"—The Cook, on Sunday.
- "A Leaden Casket"—The Tea-Caddy.
- "The Lord of the Aisles"—The Sexton.
- "All Down-Hill"—The Boy's Coast.
- "The Hero's Reward"—The Pension.
- "A Golden Grain"—A Corner in Wheat.
- "Stern Necessity"—The Rudder-Post.
- "The Lady of Lyons"—Mr. Lyons's Wife.
- "Her Bosom Friend"—A Porous Plaster.
- "The Dog-Friend"—The Pound-Keeper.
- "In Prison and Out"—Cashiers in General.
- "How She Loved Him"—For His Money.
- "Found Dead"—The Fly in the Milk-Jug.
- "A Golden Sorrow"—Midas's Misfortune.
- "Friendship"—Will Let You Have It on Saturday.
- "The Moral Pirates"—The Girls at a Church Fair.
- "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret"—He Had No Diploma.
- "Bells of Shandon"—Bridget Shea and Mary Mulcahy.
- "Going to the Bad"—A Trip to Blackwell's Island.
- "The Head Waiter"—The Man who Runs the Guillotine.
- "Advancement of Learning"—Moving the School-House.
- "Fair, Fair, with Golden Hair"—Boarding-House Butter.
- "Other People's Money"—The Defaulter's Traveling Expenses.
- "A Fool's Errand"—Going to Philadelphia to Start a Comic Paper.
- "The Blue and the Gray"—The Policeman and the Letter-Carrier.
- "In Change Unchanged"—Getting Counterfeit Quarters for a Bad Bill.



OUR UNEXPECTED RETURN FROM THE COUNTRY—

AND HOW WE FOUND BRIDGET'S RELATIONS ALL OVER THE HOUSE.



"Cousin" in the China-Closet.



"Father" in the Flour-Barrel.



"Aunt" in the Anthracite-Bin.



"Brother" in the Bath-Tub.



"Sister" under the Sofa.



Assorted Relations on the Roof.

RURAL LOCALETTES.

Ansel Gunn has swapped his gray mare off for Jethro Sykes's roan and twenty dollars to boot.

Ebenezer Wilcox will school it this Fall in Edgecombe. Mr. Wilcox is a young man of talent, and has just graduated with high honors from the Cohoes College of Oratory and Deportment.

Miss Effie Thayer has just composed a beautiful and touching poem on the death of Widow Mugg's only brother-in-law, Maurice Gibbs, and Mrs. Martha Bagg will shortly read it at the Methodist Church. We understand that some of it is to be set to music.

We noticed a beautiful quilt on exhibition at the fair last week. Wonderful to relate, it contained four hundred and eighty-seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-three separate and distinct pieces. The patient lady of the needle was Miss Ann Eliza Young.

Widow Hoskin's son Alpheus is quite an oratorical prodigy. He lately recited "Horatius at the Bridge," by Macaulay, in the presence of quite a number of the widow's friends. Afterward cake and ice-cream were served. It was on the whole a very enjoyable occasion.

HIS SUMMER SCHEME.



"Sho, Pete! thwop dat ulthah fo' a 'Lathka di'mon' pin, w'en you ain't got no othah coat? Ain't you got no more thenth 'n that, Pete Jethon?"  
 "Don' you go f' ter make no mistake, Geo'ge Lovejoy! Ain't I got a horse-shoe shut 'n' a jockey-cap? Folks 'll take me fo' a gen'l'man outer Dwyers' stables. Ever see a jockey wiv a coat on? G'wayfme!"

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

[The Editor of Puck does not guarantee the correctness of the following announcements. They were brought in by a tall, thin man, who said they were all right. They look natural, somehow.]

- "Ga-ga," by Zola.
- "Busta," by Ouida.
- "Sissy," by Mrs. Oliphant.
- "Get Out!" by Charles Reade.
- "Little Blip," by F. W. Robinson.
- "A Bite of Blue Pill," by Thos. Hardy.
- "Knocked Out," by Wilkie Collins.
- "Gwylda Whoop," by R. D. Blackmore.
- "Three Times is Out," by Rev. E. E. Hale.
- "The Belle of Sour Mash," by Bret Harte.
- "A Terrible Tumble," by W. D. Howells.
- "The Plucking of a Brand," by E. P. Roe.
- "The Ghost's Divorce," by Miss Braddon.
- "'Twas in Gowanus Bay," by Walter Besant.
- "A Countess of Cheapside," by William Black.
- "A Cosmopolitan Popinjay," by Henry James, jr.
- "Non Compos Mentis," by the Author of "Vice-Versa."
- "Bathsheba; or, Passion's Punk," by Augusta J. Evaps.

## LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

If every man who writes a letter of introduction should accompany it with another expressing his real sentiments regarding the bearer, he would make some atonement for the fearful fibs that social customs force him to tell in such epistles. Very few persons have the nerve to refuse a letter to any acquaintance who asks for it, no matter how unworthy he may be, since no one wishes to make more enemies than he can help, and, moreover, the letter of introduction has almost acquired a place among conventional falsehoods like "Not at home." Therefore our suggestion should be considered as exemplified by the following:

## THE LETTER.

*Dr. Paulus Origen:*

The bearer, Mr. Robinson, is a gentleman of great conversational powers, and much attached to those who become his friends. The announcement of his departure excited much emotion in my breast; but what is my loss is your gain.

Most sincerely yours,

SALATHIEL SAWYER.

## THE EXPLANATION.

*Dear Paul:*

This Robinson is the most insufferable bore that I ever met with in the whole course of my bore-infested existence. The only interesting thing he ever said to me was his request for a letter to you—which made it evident that he was going to leave, after having spent the greater part of the last six months in persecuting me. I could wish he had decided to go

elsewhere than into your vicinity; but your loss is my gain, and I am too much exhausted by his recent call to have any sympathy left for others.

Yours, S. S.

## OUR AMBULANCES.



IF THE WOUNDED GET TO THE HOSPITAL ALIVE, THEY ARE PRETTY SURE TO GET WELL.

## ANOTHER LETTER AND EXPLANATION.

*Messrs. Reichsmarks & Co.:*

The young man who will deliver this to you has been in our house three years, and we cheerfully certify to his honesty, integrity and good morals. If you have a vacancy, you will find him competent to fill it.

Your obed't serv'ts,

GUILDERS & FRANCS.

*Gents:*

We have certified to the only good qualities this youth possesses—and he wouldn't possess those if they required any active exertion. He is too lazy to tell a lie, plan a fraud or go on a spree, therefore we can guarantee him as above. It has been so much trouble for him to draw his salary that we have been steadily reducing it, so that he might draw it easier, until, it having been entirely withdrawn, he withdrew himself. However, he can fill a vacancy—the single thing he can fill—for he *does* occupy space; and we are glad that he is to occupy that space in some other office than ours.

Y'rs, etc.,

G. & F.

ONE MORE.

*Professor I. Calculus:*

I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Pericles Jones, a gentleman with whom I have been long well acquainted. I trust you will not lose sight of him during his stay, as he is much interested in abstract studies, which, I know, are favorites of yours.

Very truly yours,

SAMUEL SMITH.

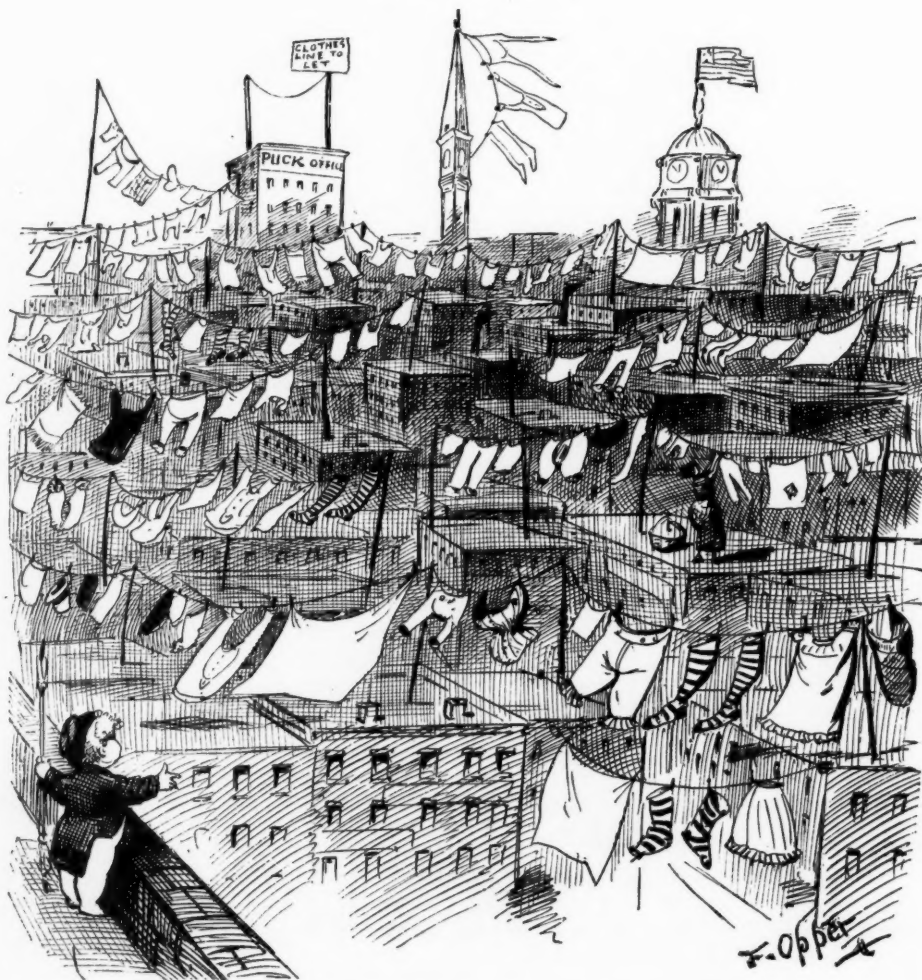
*Dear Prof.:*

Yes, I do know Jones well—well enough to keep clear of him, and I advise you to do the same. Notice what I say about not losing sight of him, (while he is in the house, at least,) unless you wish to lose your spoons, for his abstractions are a little different from yours, although I suppose you would both call them kleptomania.

Yours,

MANLEY S. PIKE.

## WASH-DAY.



NEW YORK FROM THE BRIDGE, AS PUCK SAW IT LAST MONDAY AFTERNOON.

As most athletic sports are of ancient origin, it is now believed that Sisyphus is the man who invented that robust game known as "putting the heavy stone."



# EDEN MUSÉE

Admission,  
50 Cts.

NEW YORK.

Children,  
25 Cts.

Choice  
Entertainments  
every  
Afternoon  
and  
Evening.



Choice  
Entertainments  
every  
Afternoon  
and  
Evening.

Marvelous Groups *and* Tableaux in Wax.

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

MEN OF ALL TIMES. THE RULERS OF THE WORLD.

**Chamber of Horrors.**

**THE BEAUTIFUL WINTER GARDEN.**

➡ New Attractions Constantly Added. ➡

## PUCK'S TITLE-TIPS.

"After Dark"—Daylight.  
 "Fair Women"—Waiter-Girls.  
 "A Winter City"—Winnipeg.  
 "The Ancient Mariner"—Noah.  
 "Wife in Name Only"—A Widow.  
 "Taken at the Flood"—The Ark.  
 "Dropped From the Clouds"—Rain.  
 "Only a Woman"—Dr. Mary Walker.  
 "The Irish Detective"—The Brogue.  
 "Wedded, Yet No Wife"—A Husband.  
 "In Name Only"—The American Navy.  
 "The Deerslayer"—A Broadway Masher.  
 "London Assurance"—A Cockney's Cheek.  
 "The Old Ma'm'selle's Secret"—Her Age.  
 "Deceivers Ever"—Three-Card-Monte Men.  
 "John Ploughman's Talk"—"Whoa! Gee!"  
 "The Downward Path"—Over a Banana-peel.  
 "In Prison and Out"—Government Thieves.  
 "The Court Conspirator"—The Jury-Packer.  
 "The Old, Old Story"—The Circus Clown's.  
 "A Woman's Reason"—My Dress Wasn't Finished.  
 "Her Face Her Fortune"—A Female Book-Agent.  
 "The Hidden Hand"—Four Aces Under the Table.  
 "Cast Up by the Sea"—Long Branch Accounts.  
 "A Dark Night's Work"—Lighting the Gas Lamps.  
 "The Mysteries of Paris"—Government Intentions.  
 "The Planter's Wife"—An Undertaker's Better-Half.  
 "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood"—The Tomb-stone Record.

## ADVERTISING ON THE ELEVATED.



ALL THE OTHER AVAILABLE SPACE HAVING BEEN ENGAGED, THE GATEMEN WILL HAVE TO BE UTILIZED NEXT.

## ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA.

I am seedy, Egypt, seedy,  
 Out at elbow is my coat,  
 And my pantaloons are baggy,  
 While no collar hides my throat.  
 Let thy income, Queen, support me,  
 How 't will come is not quite clear;  
 Don't you think that my apparel  
 Looks astonishingly queer?

Though my scarred and veteran ulster  
 Shows the effect of many a drunk;  
 Though a boss plebeian landlord  
 Has for board withheld my trunk;  
 Though my tailor won't stand by me,  
 Prompt to do my every will,  
 I must rag out like a Roman—  
 Dress the great Triumvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions  
 Mock the lion thus hard up,  
 'Twas himself that pawned his wardrobe,  
 He alone must drain the cup.  
 Here, then, pillowed on thy bosom,  
 Ere his star pales dim and gray,  
 Him that, earning not a dollar,  
 Madly fooled his clothes away.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,  
 Glorious sorceress of the Nile,  
 Have you credit at the hatter's?  
 I much need a brand-new tile.  
 Give to Caesar crowns and arches,  
 Let red wine inflame his nose,  
 I can scorn the Senate's triumph  
 If you'll buy me some new clothes.

A. MINOR GRISWOLD.  
 (Fat Contributor.)

AT NO other time in life is a man so completely upset by a threat as at the tender age of four, when his mother tells him she is going to cast aside his first trousers and put him back in frocks.

HANDSOME TIDIES are placed on satin-covered sofas, not so much as a guarantee of good faith as to cover up the spot that is worn through.

## FARM NOTES:

Cockadoodle doo!  
 Cackle, cackle, cackle!  
 Bah, bah, bah! etc.

## FAMILIAR EXPRESSIONS.



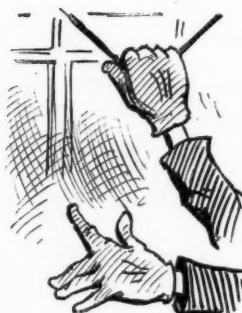
"I'll return it on Saturday, sure!"



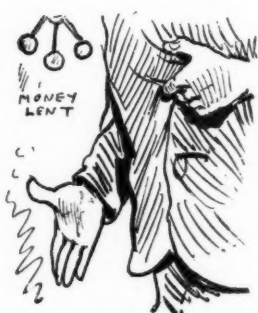
"Hold on, sir—you're next!"



"Say when!"



"Hi! here's my street!"



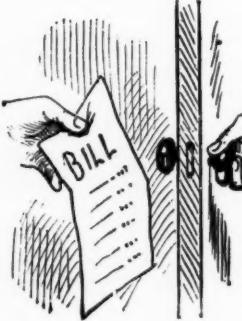
"I'm having my watch repaired!"



"I'll smoke it later!"



"Heavens! my wife gave me this to post last week!"



"Not at home!"



"Excuse me, sir, you've made a mistake—this isn't mine!"



"Come out on the sidewalk!"



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"GIVE US, oh, give us but yesterday!" is a very pretty saying, no doubt; but it never becomes rooted very firmly in a school-boy's soul while he is swimming on Saturday, and thinking of the awful whaling he got the day before for putting a bull-frog in the teacher's desk.

AN ENGLISHMAN was recently knocked down and kicked half to death in Omaha, and the paper that reported it put this head on the article: "How an Englishman was 'Treated' in Omaha."

WHEN DOES a woman say the least? When she is sending a telegram with a fixed market value on each word.

HARD WORK is the ashes that keeps a man on his feet as he walks along the slippery path of life,

## LITERARY.

## "THE POET AND HIS MASTER."

The thermometer was up in the nineties,  
The mosquitos were buzzing around,  
When a poet arose from a restless couch  
And in song some solace found.

"The snow was falling fast," he wrote,  
"The air," he said: "was freezing."  
Lying about the weather was  
To his morbid fancy pleasing.

He mailed the poem to a magazine  
Before he dared to slumber,  
And it caught the editorial eye  
In time for the Christmas number.

HENRY DUNBAR.

## IF YOU CAN'T GO OUT OF TOWN—



JUST SIT ON THE ROOF AND GET WELL SUNBURNED, AND THEN GO AROUND  
AND TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT YOUR CANOEING TRIP ON THE LAKES.

LAST WINTER a man walked into an ice-cream saloon, and saw the proprietor in his shirt-sleeves, with his vest all open, and a straw hat pushed jauntily back on his head, and a palm-leaf fan in his hand.

"You look very summery," said the man.

"Yes," replied the proprietor: "I do this to make it seem like August. I leave the door open occasionally, too, and that attracts lovers in. In the back saloon I have landscapes painted on the wall, and an electric-light which gives everything a sort of 'meet-me-by-moonlight' appearance."

And then the proprietor handed out a box of vanilla cream, and the purchaser walked off, thinking of the various tricks of trade.

OUR OLD friend and playmate, Rousseau, once remarked that the training of children is an occupation where we must know how to lose time in order to gain it. This will probably explain why nurse-girls take children out in the parks, and then flirt with policemen in order to gain sufficient time to go home and fix their hair, and, at the same time, lose enough time to make them too late to wait on the table.

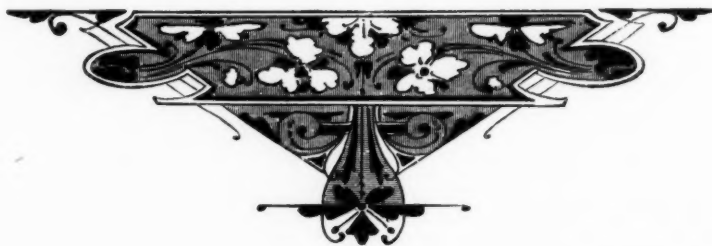
IF A MAN could only lose both cuff-buttons at the same time he would be all right. It is losing one that kills him.



*If to a world of grump and gloom  
We've given one small smile,  
To cheer your pathway to the tomb,  
Our work's been worth the while.*

*At any rate, when skies are clear,  
And by the sea you loll,  
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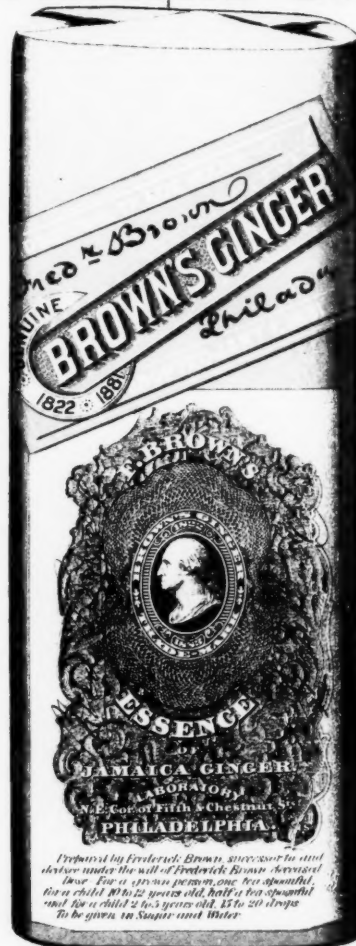


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